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N.B.—The name of the Minister of the Chapel is in all cases inserted, unless instructions are received to the contrary by Thursday morning before the date of issue.

SUNDAY, November 27.

LONDON.

Acton, Creffield-road, 11.15 and 7, Rev. A. C. HOLDEN, M.A.
 Bermondsey, Fort-road, 7, Mr. A. ALLEN.
 Blackfriars Mission and Stamford-street Chapel, 11 and 7, Rev. J. C. BALLANTYNE.
 Brixton, Unitarian Christian Church, Effra-road, 11 and 7, Rev. G. C. CRESSEY, D.D.
 Child's Hill, All Souls', Weech-road, Finchley-road, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. EDGAR DAPLYN.
 Croydon, Free Christian Church, Wellesley-road, 11, Rev. W. J. JUPP; 6.30, Dr. LAWSON DODD.
 Essex Church, The Mall, Notting Hill Gate, 11 and 7, Rev. FRANK K. FREESTON.
 Finchley (Church End), Fern Bank Hall, Gravel Hill, 6.30, Rev. T. P. SPEDDING.
 Forest Gate, corner of Dunbar-road, Upton-lane, 11, Rev. JOHN ELLIS; 6.30, Mr. F. R. NOTT, LL.B.
 Hackney, New Gravel Pit Church, Chatham-place, 11.15 and 7, Rev. H. RAWLINGS.
 Hampstead, Rosslyn-hill Chapel, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. H. GOW, B.A.
 Highgate-hill Unitarian Christian Church, 11 and 7, Rev. A. A. CHARLESWORTH.
 Ilford, High-road, 11, Mr. J. KINSMAN; 7, Rev. T. E. M. EDWARDS.
 Islington, Unity Church, Upper-street, 11 and 7, Rev. Dr. TUDOR JONES.
 Kentish Town, Clarence-road, N.W., 11, Rev. R. P. FARLEY; 7, Rev. F. HANKINSON.
 Kilburn, Quex-road, 11 and 7, Rev. C. ROPER.
 Lewisham, Unitarian Christian Church, High-street, 11 and 7, Rev. W. W. CHYNOWETH POPE.
 Deptford, Church and Mission, Church-street, 6.30.
 Mansford-street Church and Mission, Bethnal Green; 7, Rev. GORDON COOPER.
 Peckham, Avondale-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. LAWRENCE CLARE.
 Richmond, Free Church, Ormond-road, 11.15 and 7, Dr. F. W. G. FOAT, D.Litt, M.A.
 Stoke Newington Green, 11.15 and 7, Dr. J. LIONEL TAYLER.
 Stratford Unitarian Church, 11, Rev. J. A. PEARSON; 6.30, Rev. JOHN ELLIS.
 University Hall, Gordon-square, 11.15 and 7, Rev. J. PAGE HOPPS.
 Wandsworth Unitarian Christian Church, East Hill, 11 and 7, Rev. W. G. TARRANT.
 Wimbledon, Smaller Worpole Hall, Worpole-road, 7, Rev. J. A. PEARSON.
 Wood Green Unity Church, 11, and 7, Rev. JOSEPH WILSON.
 Woolwich, Carmel Chapel, Anglesea-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. L. JENKINS JONES.

ABERYSTWYTH, New Street Meeting House, 11 and 6.30. Supply.
 BATH, Trim-street Chapel, 11, Rev. J. McDOWELL; 6.30, Rev. RUDOLF DAVIS, B.A.
 BELFAST, All Souls' Church, Elmwood Avenue, 11.30 and 7, Rev. ELLISON A. VOYSEY, M.A.
 BIRMINGHAM, Old Meeting Church, Bristol-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. JOSEPH WOOD.
 BIRMINGHAM, Church of the Messiah, Broad-street, Rev. J. W. AUSTIN, M.A.
 BLACKBURN, King William street, near Sudell Cross, 10.45 and 6.30.
 BLACKPOOL, Dickson-road, North Shore, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. J. HORACE SHORT.
 BLACKPOOL, South Shore Unitarian Free Church, Lytham-road South, 11 and 6.30.
 BOLTON, Halliwell-road Free Church, 10.45, Scholars' Service; 6.30, Rev. J. ISLAN JONES, M.A.
 BOURNEMOUTH, Unitarian Church, West Hill-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. V. D. DAVIS.
 BRADFORD, Chapel Lane Chapel, 10.30, Rev. H. McLACHLAN; 6.30, Rev. J. S. MATTHEWS, M.A.
 BRIGHTON, Free Christian Church, New-road, 11 and 7, Rev. PRIESTLEY PRIME.
 BUXTON, Hartington-road Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. GEORGE STREET.

CAMBRIDGE, Assembly Hall, Downing-street, 11.30, Rev. E. W. LUMMIS, M.A.
 CHATHAM, Unitarian Christian Church, Hammond-hill 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. M. WHITEMAN.
 CHELMSFORD, Unitarian Church, Legg-street, 6.30, Mr. J. W. GALE.
 CHESTER, Matthew Henry's Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. D. JENKIN EVANS.
 CLIFTON, Oakfield-road Church, 11 and 6.30.
 DOVER, Adrian-street, near Market-square, 11 and 6.30.
 DUBLIN, Stephen's Green West, 12, Rev. E. SAVELL HICKS, M.A.
 EVESHAM, Oat-street Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. E. WILLIAMS, B.A.
 GATESHEAD, Unity Church, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. W. WILSON.
 GEE CROSS, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. H. PICKERING.
 GORTON, Brookfield Church, 10.45 and 6.30.
 GUILDFORD, Ward-street Church, North-street, 11—3.15, Social Question Conference; 6.30, "Leo Tolstoy," Russia's Greatest Christian, Mr. GEORGE WARD.
 HASTINGS, South Terrace, Queen's-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. L. BURROWS.
 HORSHAM, Free Christian Church, Worthing-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. J. MARTEN.
 LEEDS, Mill Hill, 10.45, Rev. CHARLES HARGROVE; 6.30, Rev. MATTHEW R. SCOTT.
 LEICESTER, Free Christian Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. T. JENKINS.
 LEICESTER, The Great Meeting, 11 and 6.30, Rev. EDGAR I. FRIPP, B.A.
 LIVERPOOL, Ancient Chapel of Toxteth, 11, Rev. J. C. ODGERS, B.A.; 6.30, Rev. CHAS. CRADDOCK.
 LIVERPOOL, Hope-street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. D. ROBERTS.
 LIVERPOOL, Ullet-road, Sefton-park, 11, Rev. E. S. RUSSELL, B.A.; 6.30, Rev. J. C. ODGERS, B.A.
 MAIDSTONE, Unitarian Church, Earl-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. ALEXANDER FARQUHARSON.
 MORETONHAMPTSTEAD, Devon, Cross Chapel, 11 and 3, Rev. A. LANCASTER.
 NEW BRIGHTON and LISCARD, Memorial Church, Manor-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. E. PARRY.
 NEWPORT, Isle of Wight, Unitarian Church, High-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. RUDDLE.
 OXFORD, Manchester College, 11.30, Principal H. C. MAITRA (of Calcutta).
 PORTSMOUTH, High-street Chapel, 11 and 6.45.
 PORTSMOUTH, St. Thomas-street, 6.45, Rev. T. BOND.
 PRESTON, Unitarian Chapel, Church-street, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. C. TRAVERS.
 SCARBOROUGH, Westborough, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. JOSEPH WAIN.
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 SOUTHAMPTON, Church of the Saviour, London-road. The Rev. A. R. ANDREAE, M.A., late of Gee Cross, Hyde, will commence his Ministry at this Church on Sunday, November 27. Morning Service at 11, Preacher: Rev. H. ENFIELD DOWSON, B.A., President of the National Conference of Unitarian and Free Christian Churches; Evening Service, 6.30, Preacher: Rev. ALEX. R. ANDREAE, M.A.
 TORQUAY, Unity Hall, Lower Union-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. E. O'CONNOR, B.D.
 TUNBRIDGE WELLS, Dudley Institute, Dudley-road, Morning Service, 11; Evening Service and Lecture, 6.30, Rev. GEORGE STALWORTHY.
 WAREHAM, South Street, 6.30, Mr. FRANK COLEMAN.
 WEST KIRBY, Meeting Room, Grange-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. W. HAWKES.

HAMBURG.

The Church of the Liberal Faith, Logenhaus, Welckerstrasse, 11, Rev. GARDNER PRESTON.

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Free Protestant (Unitarian) Church, Hout-street, 6.45, Rev. RAMSDEN BALMFORTH.

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First Unitarian Church, Eagles Hall, Government-street, 7.30, Rev. H. G. KELLINGTON, M.A.

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Advertisements should arrive not later than Twelve o'clock on THURSDAY to appear the same week.

THE INQUIRER.

A Journal of Liberal Religion, Literature, and Social Progress.

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* * All letters and manuscripts for the Editor should be sent to 23, Cannon-place, Hampstead, N.W. Communications for the Business Manager should be sent to 3, Essex-street, Strand, W.C.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

COUNT TOLSTOY died last Sunday at the little wayside station of Astapovo. The mourning has been widespread among all classes in Russia, where his religious heresies and his revolt against the social order have never interfered with national pride in his genius. The President of the Duma referred to him as "the great thinker and genius who was the pride of Russia and the glory of mankind," and the motion for adjournment was carried almost unanimously. But the most touching tributes to his memory have come from the peasantry, whose life he idealised, and whose lot he sought to share.

* * *

THE funeral took place on Tuesday at Yasnaya Polyana. There was no religious service, but it was marked by a simple and moving symbolism of its own. In front of the coffin a company of peasants carried a white linen band with the words, "Leo Nikolaievitch, the memory of your goodness will never fade among us orphaned peasants"; the whole procession was encircled by men holding each other's hands; thousands of spectators knelt on the ground, singing the chorale "Eternal Memory"; while a man in the crowd cried out, revealing the thoughts of many hearts: "Our great Leo is dead. Long live our great Leo's spirit. May his precepts of love and Christianity be fulfilled."

* * *

THE story of Tolstoy's life is that of intellectual and spiritual genius seeking for emancipation. He revolted from the or-

thodox conventions of religion and society with a force and sincerity which arrested the attention of the world. The author of "War and Peace" and "Anna Karénina" became the prophet of a simplified Christianity; and so tremendous was the impact of his spiritual ideals that even a book like "Resurrection" hardly brought back to the public mind the memory of his great literary reputation. Of no writer of the first rank has it ever been more true that the world recognised in his personality something greater than his books.

* * *

OF Tolstoy's contribution to the religion of the future it is too early to speak, except in terms of gratitude for the originality of his message and the keenness of his vision. The form of his teaching was influenced very largely by the special circumstances of his own life. It never escaped from the note of revolt into that quietness of achievement, which he went on his last journey to seek. The attempt to reduce Christianity to a few simple commands was also more characteristic of his personal needs than satisfactory as a solution of the unfathomable mysteries of the Gospel. But he remains as one of the great spiritual forces of the modern world, profoundly disquieting to all shallow and selfish forms of religion, appealing, as few have the gift to do, to the instincts of sincerity, self-sacrifice, and a passionate human sympathy, without which there can be no solution of the problem of life.

* * *

ONE of the most striking appreciations of Tolstoy's work appeared in the *Manchester Guardian* from the pen of Professor C. H. Herford. He describes Tolstoy's teaching on its positive side as profoundly salutary at almost every point, and speaks of the revolutionary simplicity of the man as the disturbing force in his life. "Something of the savage, and

something of the child, such as in most men, is swiftly lulled, or permitted only momentary accessions of fugitive and harmless eloquence, had in Tolstoy never ceased to trouble his content, precisely when he was most contented, with estranging doubts and tormenting problems." In a similar vein a writer in the *Nation* finds in Tolstoy the deep racial instinct which turns religion into the pursuit of the ascetic ideal and makes salvation a way of escape. "To the Western Church the good end is the crown and reconciliation of life. To the Eastern Church it is a final renunciation. Not for the first time a Church has excommunicated the one soul that believed in it."

* * *

THE *Spectator*, with far less insight and sympathy in presence of ideals which conflict with our predominant English characteristics, extols Tolstoy the artist in order to condemn Tolstoy the teacher. "So far as we can judge the outcome of Tolstoy's teaching," it says, "we hold it detestable both politically and morally, and we shall always regret the confusion of thought which causes some of our progressive intellectuals to place Tolstoy the teacher by the side of Tolstoy the writer." The very vehemence of the *Spectator's* dislike is a striking tribute to Tolstoy's religious genius and the disturbing power of his appeal.

* * *

A LONG correspondence on Mr. Campbell and Evangelism has appeared recently in the columns of the *Nation*. It has not been very illuminating, as it has resolved itself largely into a comparison between the popularity and the success, in the crude form in which it can be measured by numbers, of one preacher and another. The plain meaning of some of the letters has been this: "Your favourite teacher does not draw as big a crowd as mine, therefore his teaching is contraband." The correspondence was started by a

writer who signed himself "Nonconformist," and we call attention to it here, in order to make our protest against the habit of airing grievances or making personal attacks under the veil of anonymity. Religious controversy in the public press would be more high-minded than it is, and many theological swash-bucklers would be reduced to silence, if all letters were signed. In the present case we are left to surmise that "Nonconformist" is a person whose opinion carries weight; but his tone suggests that the disclosure of his name might dissipate at once any importance which the public has been inclined to attach to his criticism.

* * *

THE view which regards the New Testament as a book of Life rather than a book of Law, was illustrated in a remarkable way in some of the evidence given before the Royal Commission on Divorce this week. Professor Denny, of Glasgow, disclaimed the idea that the New Testament gave any express guidance to the legislator for dealing with the difficult matters under discussion. Christ's words, he declared, expressed an ideal and had no statutory force. Canon Rashdall was equally emphatic. He was of opinion that it was only for general principles, and not for details of morality, that Christians could look for guidance to the dicta of their Master. He found it difficult to regard a saying of Christ as absolutely binding upon his followers if it were found to be in collision with the dictates of the moral consciousness in the present.

* * *

THE meeting at Doncaster on Tuesday night, when two bodies of religious liberals, with different ecclesiastical traditions, agreed to amalgamate and to worship together, has far more than a local importance. It sets an example of wise statesmanship which cannot be commended too highly. Churches and their officers are seldom willing to surrender private tastes and preferences for the sake of the undeveloped possibilities of the future. Such action requires wide sympathies and the confidence of a living faith. Doncaster has shown the way, and in doing so it has not only been faithful to its own opportunity. It has made it easier for schemes of amalgamation to arise elsewhere, and to be carried through with a similar largeness of aim and concern for the things which matter.

WE are informed that the public meeting in connection with Manchester College, Oxford, which was announced to be held at Essex Church Schoolroom, Kensington, W., on Friday, December 2, will not take place. In deference to the busy excitements of the General Election, it has been postponed to a more convenient date in March, 1911.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE IMMORTAL HOPE ON THE LIFE THAT NOW IS.

IN one of Dr. Martineau's sermons, a judgment is expressed upon the attitude of the multitudes towards the perennial trusts of religion that may well give a thoughtful mind occasion to pause. "If to-morrow," writes the great teacher, "Atheism were somehow to prove true, it would make a difference, like the explosion of a geologic theory in our conception of the origin of worlds; but London and Paris would not feel it as they would the death of a Statesman or a President. The future would lose a hope, the past a sacredness; but no passion of the hour would be changed, no instant sense of bereavement lay the city low." I hesitate in committing myself to an opinion on this matter that differs from Dr. Martineau's, but I have never been able to convince myself that the prediction here recorded is really warranted. London and Paris are, of course, huge centres of habitation; and, caught up in the giddy whirl of aimless pleasure-seeking, vast masses of their populations doubtless vegetate through life instead of living it. And of these people, again, it is certainly true that reflexion is not a characteristic—reflexion on the meaning of existence, least of all. Nevertheless, I believe the change indicated would affect them far more closely than to Dr. Martineau seemed likely. In a civilised community, even shallow and insipid little souls rely instinctively for their security upon the thought and aspiration of others; the assurances of the devout form a sort of sub-conscious background of their inner being. They breathe and move in an atmosphere of theism; and, although they would be the last to suspect it, transportation into an atmosphere of demonstrated atheism would mean, even for them, a privation hard to gauge. The miller who has become habituated to the sound of his wheel sleeps through the night undisturbed so long as the rhythmic sound continues, but no sooner does the wheel come suddenly to a stand than he is awakened with an undefined sense of void or feeling of uneasiness. The simile is not altogether inappropriate. In the presence of a desolate stillness, even the moth-like devotees of frivolity would be turned, well-nigh unconsciously, into mourners; and from the gloom into which humanity would then be plunged even they would find no means of escape.

I have, however, now in mind the thousands of people to whom life is real and earnest, and I confine attention in what follows to one aspect only of the inquiry suggested by the passage quoted from Dr. Martineau. I am thinking, namely, of the belief in a survival of the finite soul after bodily death—of the part that belief has played, and continues to play, in the familiar everyday experience of mankind. And I urge that the implicit assurance of a future awaiting us is intertwined in a myriad ways with human consciousness as we know it here and now; that numerous interests of our present life depend wholly upon what we look forward to as succeeding it; that here and now our spirits are finely touched

to fine issues because the things that *are to be* cast back a revealing light upon the things that *are*. The factors that "build up our human soul" are many and various, but, unless I gravely err, careful scrutiny brings to view, as commingling with all our earthly plans and pursuits, trains of ideas, feelings, emotions, which simply cannot be confined to the three-score years, more or less, we have here to spend; so that our thoughts, our relationships, our ideals, would all be other than they actually are, did we know of a surety that no sequel was to follow this transient scene, and that, at the end of it, each of us must of necessity slip into non-entity. "One world at a time," if interpreted strictly, is an impracticable motto for a rational intelligence. To stand before the future as before a prison wall is an attitude which we cannot, if we would, assume; we are constrained whether we will or no, constantly to work and strive for ends that would be meaningless on the supposition that our concern with life ceases the moment we quit its present surroundings. Anticipation and hope, that is to say, are not mere luxuries of religious exaltation; they are essential constituents of manly existence always and everywhere—the conditions of its progress, the means by which it travels towards what is eternal and assimilates itself to what is divine.

"Hope leads the child to plant the flower,
The man to sow the seed;
Nor leaves fulfilment to her hour,
But prompts again to deed.

"And ere upon the old man's dust
The grass is seen to wave,
We look through falling tears—to trust
Hope's sunshine on the grave."

What, then, are the hopes upon which human souls are nurtured and reared? As part and parcel of our soul's equipment they should be capable, as I have said, of revealing themselves to the discriminating eye of reason, and of being recognised by the reflective mind. But introspection is proverbially difficult. Often it requires no small amount of mental concentration to unravel the complex strands of thought and feeling that are bound up with our ordinary modes of consciousness, and still more to inspect each of the factors singly, in abstraction from the whole to which it belongs, without forgetting the function it there subserves. Let me try to disentangle what I take to be the more important of the elements that call, in this reference, for consideration.

We hope, in the first place, for rest—not, indeed, that spurious rest of indolence and idleness for which diseased minds have craved, but the rest that is akin to the spiritual serenity and peace which the purest souls enjoy. And here, for the most part, we have it not. It comes to us, at present, only at intervals, only in transient foretastes of what a human consciousness, in its unimpeded and frictionless working, may be destined to be. Our toil, unlike the toil of nature, is "severed from tranquillity," and bears not the stamp of that repose which Matthew Arnold discerned in the labour of material forces. Day in, day out, we are harassed by a hundred worries and anxieties, that seem to tear our mind in fragments and to wear our souls away.

Weariness of body, stings of conscience, troubles of heart—these, and such as these, are the burdens that weigh us down, and render so much of our work painful and of our activity irksome. Who can contemplate the stress and strain of this ceaseless struggle for existence—its distracting demands, its bitter grind, its ruthless severity—without feeling that our personalities here are cramped and fettered, and move not with the ease and freedom necessary for the development of their native powers? How we long for the opportunity of making the most of ourselves, of getting out of life all that we are conscious life has in it to yield! But here the opportunity never comes, and we wend our way from youth through manhood to old age with the haunting reproach that we *might* have been—oh, so much more than we *are*. It is not work that cripples us, but the restraints that encumber our work, the drags that prevent it approaching the best we should otherwise be enabled to do. Restless we pursue our tasks; restless we perform our duties; and one and all, the results have impressed upon them the imprint of our restlessness, proclaiming to every observant eye the travail through which they came to birth. Yes; but through the perpetual rush and conflict of our stormy years, there gleams ever and anon the ideal of a peace such as Christ promised to his disciples—the picture of a life that shall not be lived at high pressure, of a stage of being in which goodness shall not seem to be tyrannical, and in which inclination shall not be at war with the imperative of duty. Sometimes, perhaps, the untrammelled artist realises it in a precious hour of contentment, when, after having laboured faithfully at his work, after having loved it at every stage of its progress, and after having finally wrought out his original conception to complete embodiment, he reaps the reward of *satisfaction* with his achievement—the happy possessor of a peace the world can neither give nor take away.

‘Not peace that grows by Lethe, scentless flower,
There in white languors to decline and cease;
But peace whose names are also rapture, power,
Clear sight, and love: for these are parts of peace.’

Such I take to be the nature of the rest for which a human spirit yearns. It comes, that vision, as a bright ray of sunshine comes across the dark valleys of earth, and bids the desponding soul revive and the drooping heart take courage. As a gracious *Ahnung* of what after toil and storm we feel we have a right to expect, it leads us onward towards a goal that makes our struggle worth the while, and our hardship worth enduring. The Infinite God, so the ancient thinker taught, unites in Himself eternal action with eternal repose. He works in a condition of sublime quietude. And we, His offspring—we, called into being to share His nature,—we wait—wait until this mortal shall attain to the rest of the Soul that is the source of ours.

We hope, in the second place, for the renewal of what appear to be lost powers. An individual life is, or should be, one continuous process of growth. Gradually,

almost imperceptibly, there is built up an inward possession of thought, feeling, and sentiment, richer far than its possessor can ever estimate, and at times surprising no one more than him at whose disposal it stands. He becomes, all unknown to himself, a world in miniature, a microcosm in whom the great universe repeats its ever wondrous story—a centre of conscious experience, in one sense, indeed, fashioned by nature, although, in another sense, itself helping to fashion the nature that fashions him. And yet, in this process, real or apparent loss is likewise an inevitable ingredient. The cost of moral movement is extracted no less inevitably from the individual than it is extracted from the community. With the advent of Platonism, the naïve faith in the beautiful mythology which had made the Greek at home in the world began to decline; with the triumph of Christianity, the old religion of Rome, “its intimacy, its dignity and security,” became a thing of the past. So, in a measure, is it with a human life. We enter the realm of being dowered with a multitude of gifts—natural instincts, pure affections, spontaneous emotions—touches of unearthly beauty seeming to testify to the home from whence we came. Heaven lies about us in our infancy. But, alas, these first intimations of immortality become more or less obliterated in the hard rough usage of the world. The innocence, the freshness, the joyous sense of mystery, appear to vanish, and although other and noble qualities may and do take their place, we cannot but be mindful that we have parted with much. Shall we, then, never again be familiar with the buoyancy of youth, the eager zest, the bounding vigour, the unhesitating purpose, with which we began our pilgrim journey? A negative answer would mean that upon our fastly fleeting years a deepening shadow would be falling, that gathering clouds of sadness would hang over such coming time as is ours. But an inbred conviction of the soul engenders and fosters hope. The resources of a conscious mind—thus I read the content of the assurance—are not readily exhausted; in a deeper sense than by mere accumulation the features of worth in our early history may, quite naturally, be garnered up. We do not *remain* little children, but, perchance, we shall all, in the course of perfecting our characters, *become as* little children. “The harmonious existence of childhood,” it has been suggestively said, “is a gift from the hand of nature; the second harmony will spring from the labour and culture of the spirit.” And when St. Paul looked forward to a redemption of the body, he was scarcely anticipating some crude physical resurrection, but probably just a rejuvenescence of tired powers. The life that now is, coloured by this hope, is relieved from the despairing notion of personal existence as culminating in a dying-out process, in a gradual extinguishing of what has taken so much to form. We wait—wait until this mortal shall have put on the strength that will come with birth into a higher realm of being.

We hope, in the next place, for the realisation of our individuality. In the realm of spiritual existence, individuality is the primary and fundamental fact.

Psychologists, it is true, have rightly insisted upon the considerable influence of imitation in framing the mind, in moulding the character, of each of us during the earlier period of our career. But even imitation quickly ceases to be the mere mechanical work of copying. The child who learns by imitation soon comes in the very act of imitating to experience a mode of self-conscious life that is characteristically its own. Moreover, imitation, at the most, serves but as the basis for the subsequent development of a personality that is not a product of imitation. “Be a person and respect others as persons”—so runs one great formulation of the moral law. And each personality in living its own life, in thinking its own thoughts, in cherishing its own affections, in fulfilling its own purposes, becomes a unique entity in the commonwealth of minds; there is no second personality that is or can be a reduplication of it.

“Points have we all within our souls
Where all stand single,”

and growth of self may be said to mean increase and consolidation of such specific features. True; but when we turn our gaze inwards, and try to discover wherein the unique meaning of our own life lies, what function it is serving which is not or might not be served by any other, how disquieting often the result turns out to be! What thus we seek we shall probably seek in vain; or, at the best, the confession will be wrung from us of the very partial success we ever achieve in working out the latent possibilities of our nature. Here we are at twenty, with the faults of childhood still upon us—fretful, ungoverned, wayward; at thirty, with the faults of youth—vain, inconsiderate, pleasure-seeking; at forty, still wearing the traces of early folly—proud, ambitious, selfish; at fifty or sixty, not yet wise from the gathered lessons of life—unsympathetic, cold, self-willed—all traits, these, which merge us in the common crowd, and induce us to suppose there is nothing new under the sun. Will, then, our true destiny never be fulfilled? Shall we never be *the* soul we, in our highest moments, have fervently desired to realise? Ineradicably woven into the very fibre of our spiritual being, there is an intuition inspiring us to hope. There it abides—silently prophesying that the personality we have been engaged in constructing cannot, in a rational universe, be prematurely and abruptly ended, that to be at the best but splendid failures is a calamity it behoves us not to contemplate as the outcome of human lives. We can, then, with patience, wait—wait until this mortal shall put on its fuller individuality.

We hope, again, for the renewal of sundered love. “O God!” exclaims Dr. Martineau, “it is terrible to think what may be lost in one human life; what hope, what joy, what goodness, may drop with one creature into the grave! How all things, now so full of the energies of a cheerful being, so copious in motive and in peace, so kindled by the smile of Providence and ringing with the happy voices of nature and our kind, may droop and gloom before us by one little change.” Human affection, he impressively argues, has in it depths

utterly disproportioned to our earthly estate; its contents are an "over-match for us in this world." The heart that beats in unison with another, owns, indeed, a tremendous stake in existence; he whose joys, or sorrows, are shared, not lonely, things, stands to lose, through one fell stroke, a whole infinitude of spiritual reality. The disparity between the brevity of an earthly life on the one hand and its inexhaustible capacity for love and tender devotion on the other, is an old and well-worn theme—old, but ever new by reason of perpetual rediscovery. Who can measure the stream of blessing that flows with spontaneous profusion from a single loving and faithful soul? Into the recesses of the universe we see, it is true, only a little way, and there may be altitudes of conscious experience surpassing far the range of our limited powers of appreciation. But we certainly can conceive no fairer sight upon which God or angels might gaze than the sweet bliss of kindred hearts bound together by mutual affection; and, if such be verily nature's choicest products, then He who "dwells in all" has yet nestling in His care a freight of transcendent worth; and, as each gracious form of human solicitude springs unpretendingly to light, He must, to use Browning's words, ceaselessly "renew His ancient rapture." Is, then, the love we feel greater than the love we ought to trust? "Can we love but on condition that the thing we love must die?" In the dread hour of blank solitude and desolation, in which the light of our life has fled, and the help on which we were wont to lean has fallen from our side precisely as we need it most, do we *really* believe it to be the last sad mission of love—noblest of Christian virtues—to become the cause of our direst misery? Far from it; even in the bewildering agony of blinding grief, that thought, thank God, does *not* intrude. Rather through the stillness do we hear the tones of the familiar voice pleading with us to lose not courage. "Bear yet, dear sufferer, for love's fair sake," it seems to say, "this supreme and severest trial of all. I go to prepare a place for you." Thus, amidst the labyrinth of earthly bereavement, does Hope—twin-sister of Love—cling to us in our affliction, and save us from the abyss of despair. Brooding over us, like the very breath of heaven, she persists with the assurance that love, being deathless in nature, must find a fitting field of exercise. "What is excellent," so Emerson interpreted her message, "as God lives is permanent."

"Hearts are dust, heart's loves remain,
Heart's love will meet thee yet again."

May we not, then, wait—wait until this mortal shall have put on the joy of love's re-union?

We hope, once more for the cloud that here obscures our view of reality, some day to be removed. There is no denying the fact that ignorance carries with it a feeling of pain. It is alien to mind, or seems to be so, foreign to our nature as intelligence. And the more thoroughly reason is obedient to itself, the more painfully is it impressed with the encompassing darkness. The dying Goethe, in exclaiming "Light, more Light," was uttering

not the highest longing of the human heart, but certainly the most ardent desire of the human intellect. He was anticipating apparently that death was taking him to a world where the sun of truth would shine with clearer splendour, and where some solution would be found to the problems that had baffled him here. Are we, then, to conclude that the minds thus aspiring to know never shall be satisfied? Are we to suppose that this, the disinterested passion of reflective thought, is called forth only to be derided by its futility? Pitiable assuredly will be the future race of men should that be the decision at which they are destined to arrive. But hitherto, at all events, linked to the very motives impelling us to the quest of knowledge, is a hope which scepticism has never been able to stifle. No, it answers, no—the perplexing doubt, the seeming contradiction, the distressing uncertainty will pass away. Only let patience have her perfect work. Knowledge cannot, the conditions of its pursuit being what they are, reach here completion. This is our education time; this is our season of discipline, of preparatory training, for an insight that without it would be impossible. We can, therefore, afford to wait—wait until this mortal shall have put on the capacity of knowing even as also it is known.

We hope, lastly, for a full consciousness of the presence of God. All through the ages religious souls have yearned and prayed that this consummation might somehow and somewhen be granted them. Moments, no doubt, there are, even here, in which we realise ourselves as in distinctive personal relationship with the Infinite Father, in which He is vastly more to us than abstract Omniscience or Justice, more to us even than ideal Beauty or Goodness; moments of intense sorrow, and moments, too, I think, of intense joy, carrying us to Him as a personality akin to our own, and with whom we can commune in the direct way we are accustomed to commune with one another. But these moments are intermittent, they are transitory; and every earnest soul thirsts for more—for steadier, surer, nearer companionship with *the* Life from whom all life proceeds. But here it cannot be. Engrossed with the claims of sense, with the multiplicity of sensuous things, how imperfectly are we aware of Him who is not far from any one of us! Here we must gain the trust, without the fuller vision, that when the fuller vision comes, the trust may be fitly crowned. We must wait—wait until this mortal shall have put on immortality.

Restful activity, renewed vitality and child-like happiness, the attainment and manifestation of our true individuality, restoration to those we have loved, expanding insight into the realm of truth, deeper communion with the Soul of all—these are the contents of the hopes, or of some of them, blended indelibly with the thoughts and purposes of our present life, shedding around its devious pathways a grace that is all holy and a dignity that is all divine. Am I asked now what guarantee there is for the final hope of all—the hope, namely, that these hopes have not been grafted into our nature to deceive, but have a validity attaching to

them on which it is safe to rely? Scientifically vindicated, I admit unreservedly, none of them can be. From that admission, however, no inference can be drawn touching the answer to our question. Obviously, if these hopes of ours are delusive, scientific proof of what they hold out to us would be precluded, but then it would be equally precluded if they are not delusive. Be they trustworthy, or be they illusory, they are founded on judgments involving the conception of worth or value, and to the sphere of worths or values, the methods of scientific proof are inapplicable. The beauty of an autumn sunset, the nobility of virtue, the greatness of love—are these to be pronounced fictions because, forsooth, they cannot be scientifically proved? From the point of view of physical science, existence is represented as an immense system of causally connected elements; from the point of view of spiritual being, we are constrained to think of existence as the home of the formation and conservation of values. The ultimate problem of philosophy may be said to be to discover, if it can, the way in which these two points of view may be harmonised, the way in which values can be conserved whilst real existence changes. One consideration only do I venture now to press. The hopes on which I have been dwelling are certainly not mere accidents, not capricious fancies, flung up wantonly by human imagination; they are, as hopes at any rate, as much a part of the whole of things, they belong as truly to the realm of reality, as do stars or planets or mountains. They have sprung from conscious experience itself, they have grown with its growth, and developed with its development. Man in his struggle for life and goodness has everywhere been led to frame and to cherish them no less surely than he has been led to recognise and distinguish the colours of the flowers or the shapes of the hills. In short, the universe itself has given rise to them; they are its products, its handiwork. Invariably, it has forced upon the human consciousness, confronted with the spectacle of the agencies at work in the world, the conviction that here—

Nothing resting in its own completeness
Can have worth or beauty; but alone
Because it tends and leads to further
sweetness,

Fuller, higher, deeper than its own.

Spring's real glory dwells not in the meaning,
Gracious tho' it be, of her blue hours;
But is hidden in her tender leaning
To the summer's richer wealth of flowers.

Life is only bright when it proceedeth
Towards a truer, deeper life above,
Human love is sweetest when it leadeth,
To a more divine and perfect love.

These assurances, I repeat, the universe itself occasions and encourages; they issue from it, and in a sense its whole evolution has been instrumental in their creation. It comes, therefore, in the long run, to this—whether the universe, so replete apparently with incalculable powers and modes of energy, so rich in subtle contrivances for effecting the most

complicated of results, is yet so poor in resource, so deficient in means, as to be unable to satisfy aspirations it has itself kindled, and made such persistent components in the progressive life of conscious intelligence. Let him who can, believe it. To Kant there seemed repugnancy in the thought that "human reason lures us on by false hopes only to deceive us in the end," and perhaps of all credulous beliefs, there are none more credulous than that which pictures reality as constituted upon the poverty-stricken scale often implied by the sceptical doubts of men. There comes, I think, a period in life when, with his whole conscious nature, a reflecting man is more and more inclined to trust the universe, less and less inclined to suspect it of practising upon him a gigantic scheme of fraud and deceit. Towards the support of that attitude, also, recent philosophical research has been, in various ways, emphatically tending. And for my part, if I find the effort to understand how the hopes of human souls *can* be realised too great for me, I fall back upon the persuasion that reality, at any rate, is equal to the task of bringing about their fulfilment, and in that persuasion I find a ground firm enough on which to rest a rational faith in regard to what the future may have in store.

G. DAWES HICKS.

LIFE, RELIGION & AFFAIRS.

THE MESSAGE OF TOLSTOY.

THE peace which passeth understanding, and which the world can neither give nor take away, has fallen upon Tolstoy. At last the heroic soul and striving brain are at rest, and it is fitting that death should have found him, where indeed he sought it, in a humble dwelling at a wayside railway station, far away from the home where he had vainly striven to free himself from the luxuries which belong to the wealthy and famous. Even there he was troubled by the thought that other sufferers in the world were neglected in order that he might have ease, and the last words which he uttered as the doctors hovered about his bed before he sank into unconsciousness were supremely characteristic of a man whose love for humanity was the dominating passion of his life. He was, indeed, an example of that Christlike spirit of self-abnegation which is so rarely witnessed, that when it shines out through the darkness of materialism and foolishness and error in which, for the most part, we stumble along, it wins the homage of the world.

It is, perhaps, the greatest argument in favour of the immanence of God, of a life-conception which discovers divine potentialities in the most degraded son of man, that what Stevenson called "moral loveliness" is instantly recognised even by those who are sunk in the sloughs of selfishness and vice. It is as if the exiled souls of men, scarred in a thousand mean battles, suddenly remember their native country, and realise with unutterable anguish that the way of return thereto is

over the snow-white peaks of high endeavour, which chill even as they allure them with their austerity and beauty. It is as if—like the Emperor who cried "Thou hast conquered, Galilean!"—humanity, in one blinding moment of spiritual intuition, saw the life we cherish stripped of all the splendour in which art and pleasure have clothed it, and turned from fading pomps and pageantries to meet the calm unveiled eyes of truth. The man who can thus quicken the souls of others, the man whom kings cannot abash nor synods confuse; who has seen life steadily and seen it whole, not shrinking from the evil, but confronting it with the steadfast gaze of one whom it is powerless to turn from his high ideal, is sure of an immortal victory though he dies upon the scaffold. Christ nailed to the cross between two thieves was mightier than Cæsar; Tolstoy, wearily yielding up his life after nearly forty years of ceaseless struggle with a corrupt Church and State, was a greater force in Russia than the Tsar who rules its destinies, but dare not imprison the greatest rebel in his kingdom.

To say that he was revolutionary is to utter a commonplace. The simple and sincere man or woman, even without genius, is always revolutionary, and no anarchist with his murderous bomb is half as dangerous as the untiring truth-seeker who persistently and relentlessly uses his reason to undermine the foundations of society. Tolstoy turned from the chatter of the art schools, the boasts of the Imperialists, the feasts of the wealthy, the splendours of the Court, the magnificence of great cities, and the elaborate ritual of the churches, to describe, like a second Dante, the modern infernos which so few have the courage to speak about—the long agony of the battlefield, the degradation of the outcast, the subservience and sufferings of the peasant, the iniquities of the prison system, the injustices that are done in the name of law and religion, the brutality which is practised in the slaughter-house. These are not pleasant subjects to dwell upon, but they are things which must frequently be uppermost in the minds of those who are troubled by the eternal contradiction between the life of civilised nations and the Christianity to which they profess allegiance. And Tolstoy not only unceasingly pointed out this contradiction in his own age, but he pointed out also that men see the truth as clearly as he did when they allow themselves to think, only the effect upon them is usually so distressing that they fly with feverish ardour "to wine, tobacco, opium, cards, newspapers, travelling, amusements, exhibitions," in order that they may stupefy their newly-awakened conscience, and forget. His one object was to quench this feverish ardour, and keep the conscience awake; to make his brothers stop and bethink themselves, and drive in upon their souls the fact that it is not by waiting until everybody is seized with the same desire to amend their ways that any advance is made, but by beginning at the very moment when we ourselves are stirred with this impulse, in spite of the jeers and warnings of others, to live according to the law of love. He compared humanity to a swarm of bees which remained hanging to a bough until one of the living cluster, more independent

than the rest, spread its wings for flight. After that "the second, the third, the tenth, the hundredth will do the same . . . so it is enough for one man to conceive life as Christianity teaches us to do, and live accordingly, and a second, a third, a hundredth will do the same, till the magic circle of social life from which there seemed to be no escape shall be destroyed."

It is said that the teaching of Tolstoy is too difficult, and that to carry it out literally would be to repudiate all the claims which civilised life makes upon us, bringing ourselves to the verge of starvation and within the clutches of the law. It is, of course, just as true to say that to live in absolute loyalty to the commands of Jesus, if we accept them literally as they were spoken, would bring about the same results. But neither the great Russian reformer, nor the Master whom he so unswervingly followed, ever expected that human nature would be perfected as soon as their message was given to the world. They knew that only by very slow steps would men ascend to the heights which rose before them, and that every inch of the road would be trodden with pain and sorrow. But the moment dissatisfaction with oneself sets in, and the illusions of life are shattered, a movement is made in the upward direction, and from one truth we advance to another, until we realise with a piercing sense of responsibility that all humanity is one and that each man is in sober truth his brother's keeper. After that every action tends to be regulated more and more by the new conception of life, fresh light streams in by countless channels which were hitherto closed to the awakened conscience, and so that unconditional freedom is gained "which can neither be restricted nor influenced by anything." Times must come when the old passionate selfishness will threaten once more to stifle the desire for goodness. Very often the spirit will sink discouraged, and then "one must treat oneself as one treats an invalid—and keep quiet." The great teacher himself could not wholly free himself until he had passed his eightieth year, and was on the threshold of death, from the entanglements of a social system of which he had long since ceased to approve, and it was utterly beyond his power to convert more than one member of his numerous household to his own point of view. But though we faint and fail, the struggle is not unobserved by others, and every noble aspiration *alters the moral atmosphere of the world*, quickening and directing public opinion in strange and mysterious ways even when they are not made articulate, and shaping thought-forms which may afterwards result in beneficent deeds and a keener sense of social justice. There are many people in our own country at the present time whose public work, not only on religious and educational, but on political lines, is inspired by those very ideals which are always called unpractical and visionary by men who do not wish to admit their compulsion. Thus, even in ways which Tolstoy himself would scarcely have sanctioned—for, rightly or wrongly, he did not believe in State legislation and coercion, even of the most benevolent order, based in the last resort on armed forces—his Master's gospel and

his own is being preached, and the impossible has become inevitable.

The world has lost a great literary genius in Tolstoy whose earlier work, in the opinion of those who claim that the creator of "Anna Karenina" gave more valuable gifts to the world than the writer of "What I Believe," will survive everything that he wrote after the wonderful "conversion" which came to him in middle life. Many of his admirers deplore, indeed, the change in his ideas which turned a supreme artist into a religious propagandist. Others, however, regard such comparisons between the earlier and later Tolstoy as futile, especially if they are made with the purpose of disparaging the latter. All the varied experiences of his crowded and picturesque life helped to develop the fearless soul of the prophet, and there is in reality no gulf fixed between Tolstoy the novelist and Tolstoy the seer. Both were needed to make up that grand synthesis of emotion and reason, of shattering and constructive forces, of logic and imagination, of profound insight into the motives of men and women, together with a passionate desire to serve humanity, which produced the greatest personality of modern times.

LUKE THE HUMOURIST.

MODERN students of the New Testament are familiar with Luke the Physician. The medical language of the third Gospel and of Acts has been minutely discussed by many writers. The legend that Luke was a painter goes back to the sixth century, and is certainly supported by artistic sketches in his writings. The claims of Luke to be an historian, despite trenchant criticism, have been justified by scientific investigation. Luke the humourist remains unknown. Yet on *a priori* grounds, we might reasonably expect that he should not be destitute of humour, who was the most accomplished of evangelists, and the first, though by no means the feeblest, of Christian historians. In truth, humour shines in the face of Luke, whether we regard him as physician, painter, or historian. This is not to credit the evangelist with a quick wit, and lively fancy. Humour is no surface quality of the mind. It springs from a deep source, and pervades the whole being. It is essentially dependent upon sympathy, without which a man rarely excels in any of the characters attributed to Luke. Sympathy, in Luke as in most men, was not a mere duplicate emotion, a reflection of some feeling experienced by another. It contained elements of tenderness, expressed in moving pictures of outcasts and sinners. It contained, also, as a seed the flower, the saving grace of humour, which only needed soil and sun to bear, in due season, bright laughter, as it were a bloom.

Luke's humour is not boisterous, nor out of place, else had it been more frequently remarked. The nature of his task and materials necessarily restrained it. His purpose in Acts has been aptly set forth by Harnack. It was to show the power of the Spirit of Jesus manifested in history. In his Gospel, Luke's purpose has been defined by himself. He wrote in order that

a friend might know the certainty concerning the things wherein he had been instructed; in other words, concerning the course of Christ's career, and the character of his teaching. These were serious, in some ways sad themes. There was much in the life story of Christ and his Apostles to evoke the tenderness in Luke's sympathy, but comparatively little to bring out the humour which lay near his heart.

Again, the evangelist and historian had his sources, some of which, at least, were known to his first circle of readers. Apart from the limits to his liberty set by a high sense of his mission, these witnesses would constantly check any tendency to indulge his humour. Yet joy and gladness abound in his works, and humour is by no means wanting. He employs various words for joy, but one more than any other New Testament writer. This he connects closely with the partaking of food. He evidently had a feeling, says Harnack, for the joy that springs from the common festal meal, and regarded it also in a religious light. Without any disrespect to the piety of the evangelist, another consideration may be urged. The joy of the common meal springs largely from the light-heartedness and good humour of the participants. Luke's own contributions doubtless lighted up the faces of his friends, so that the meal was thought of as a joyous occasion.

It is not without scientific basis to suggest that his medical cures, to which at least one reference is made, were aided by his bright, genial disposition. Paul, too, who took him along to Rome, may have chosen him as companion as much for his good humour as for his skill in medicine. At any rate, joy was certainly characteristic of Luke, and as the psychologists assure us, and experience proves, joy is a diffusive emotion. It is concerned not only with the object which awakens it, for it colours our view of man and the universe. With Luke, joy was rather a permanent than a passing state of mind. The Gospel begins with "joy," "Behold I bring you tidings of great joy," and with joy it closes, the disciples return to Jerusalem with great "joy." Throughout the Gospel are expressions of joy. It is the same in Acts. There is good reason for thinking that joy ran through Luke's life like a beam of sunlight, and is reflected in his word and work. Such joy was not, and never is, alien and hostile to sorrow. "We are led to suspect," says Mr. Shand, "that some subtle interaction of joy and sorrow may be the source of all tenderness." There is, indeed, a wondrous blending of these apparent opposites in all tender emotion. Sometimes one, sometimes the other predominates, but both are always present.

Luke, the Greatheart of New Testament writers, was, in a peculiar degree, a man of tender emotion. His humour is less prominent, but not less real, than his joy. It is found in both his books, touched now and again with a dash of sarcasm. In the parable of the unwilling guests, the excuses are attributed by most scholars to the evangelist. In these the humour of Luke is made manifest. The first pleads necessity, and asks pardon; the second asks pardon, but pleads no necessity; the third alleges sheer impossibility, and

dispenses with the plea for pardon. The first two declare, though with courtesy, that they will not come; the last, rudely, that he cannot. One had bought a field, and must go and see it. There is a note of urgency, though, as Luke suggests, the field would be there next day. The second had bought oxen and is going to prove them. They were seen before they were bought, and could be tried later. The third had made no purchases; but he remembers he had married a wife, therefore to accept the invitation is quite out of the question. Probably the reply contains a covert allusion to the law in Deuteronomy, which says that "when a man taketh a new wife, he shall not go out in the host, neither shall he be charged with any business; he shall be free at home one year, and shall cheer his wife which he hath taken." In the parable, however, it is not military service, but a festal banquet to which the guest is bidden. As Luke hints, no danger to his person lies in wait at the feast. The evangelist has a particular regard for women, and never treats them with levity or contempt. But he knows that the husband's absence for an hour or two will not greatly distress the young wife, and does not admit this man to be such a model partner as he sets up for. All the excuses bear upon them the stamp of invention, and do not deceive the giver of the feast. They are like those current in social circles to-day, such as the conventional form of evading callers or untimely invitations. Read aright, the humour of Luke gleams through the parable of Jesus, despite its serious and solemn significance.

In the story of the riot at Ephesus, we meet with a similar vein. The scene is vividly described. The anxiety of Demetrius, the clamour of the craftsmen, the behaviour of the mob, and the address of the town clerk. The cry, "Great Artemis," which is preferable to that of the current text, "was a common formula of devotion and prayer, as is attested by several inscriptions. It was the case of invoking the aid of a powerless deity, such as is described in the same spirit by Isaiah and by the Psalmist. "In this scene," says Ramsay, "we cannot mistake the tone of sarcasm and contempt, as Luke tells of this howling mob; they themselves thought they were performing their devotions, as they repeated the sacred name; but to Luke they were merely howling, not praying." The tumult is depicted in Luke's merriest manner. "Some, therefore, cried one thing, and some another; for the assembly was in confusion; and the more part knew not wherefore they were come together." The sarcasm, as Ramsay urges, is plainly perceptible. But present also, though quite subordinate, is the element of sympathetic pity. However he despised pagan practices, Luke was a Gentile, with a genuine love of the Greek people, and did not look upon this superstitious crowd without a sigh.

The more the words of Luke are pondered the clearer becomes the evidence for his possession of a singularly bright spirit. His varied career afforded him many opportunities of displaying his natural love of the joyous and the humorous, and in his two great works he exhibits himself

not only as a gifted, and within certain limits as an accurate author, but also, almost alone in the New Testament, as a humourist.

TAILOR SMITH.

"YES, in some ways things are better than they were, but there's a lot that wants improving yet—yes, a mighty lot. Oh, I'm sick, *sick* of all the talk that's always going on, and what's there to show for it? I'm glad to hear you're taking this thing up, ma'am, but do you expect to do any good by it?" "If I didn't I shouldn't be doing it," I replied, and then after a slight pause added, "You know you're not very encouraging. Instead of criticising, won't you join hands with us and help us?" A smile crossed the man's face as I said this, and he remarked apologetically, "I don't want to undervalue your work. Indeed, I think it very good of you and other ladies and gentlemen to care about us in this way, and take the trouble to find out how we live; only I often wonder whether people who take up this kind of thing realise what a difficult thing it is to set the world to rights. And so many think as it's all talk that's going to do it—and it *won't*! I've lived long enough to see that now."

The above conversation took place in a small but clean little parlour on a cold winter's day. I was warming my toes over the fire, and at the same time watching and listening to my friend—a crippled tailor—as he worked away in his own home at a pair of trousers. There was refinement in his face, as also in his speech, and I mentally pronounced him to be "superior." "You see," he added, "one so often gets one's hopes raised in vain. People 'investigate,' as they call it, and then they talk and talk, and nothing seems to come of it. Don't I approve of investigation? Oh, yes! You've got to see things as they are before setting about to put them to rights, but there's different ways of going about it, and it's not so easy either to see straight, as some people think. Will I help you? I shall be proud to if I can, but I'm afraid its very little I can do."

I thanked him, and asked him whether he would tell me something about his work. "Well," he said, "as far as I'm concerned I've not much to complain of. I've a good master, and am better paid than many a one. It's little enough, though, that I earn, when I tell you that I only average 12s. or 14s. per week, and want to keep a decent home for my wife and two children on that." "How many hours do you work a day," I asked, "to earn that amount?" "Twelve hours," he replied. "I get 3s. 3d. or 3s. 4d., according to the number of pockets, for making a pair of trousers, which is a lot better than some; but being as I'm crippled, I have to hand-sew instead of machine them, and it takes me a good twelve hours instead of eight to make a pair, and as the work is so irregular, it isn't often I can average more than 12s. a week. When I do have a pair to make, I go at them on end until I have finished them. It's heavy work, too," he added. "I get very tired over the pressing, which takes me two to

three hours with a 19-lb. iron. Many workers get overheated and exhausted over it, and it's this that often makes them long for a drop of drink, and take it, too—this and the unhealthy workshops in which many of them live." "But," I interposed, "now that workshops are subject to inspection, surely the conditions are much better." "Ah," he replied, "the trouble is there are not half enough inspectors. I can give you several instances where tailors are working in cellars by gaslight all day long. You can think what effect that has on their chests and eyes. And as for working reasonable hours, why I know places where all the work is done on the premises, and where men will sometimes let themselves in with a key at 5 a.m., and work until very late." Whilst he spoke I thought of what another tailor had told me, of how much the trade had gone down, how he had worked for one firm for 18 years, and where formerly he had received 5s. for making a pair of trousers, he now only got 3s. or 3s. 6d. He added that not only was the competition so great, which made it difficult for employers to pay them reasonable rates ("though there *are* those who say they can't afford to pay us more who live in grand houses and drive about in their motor cars!") but the Jew was a very serious factor to be reckoned with. He quoted one man who systematically went round to various shops offering to take 6d. less on every pair. "And what's worse," he added, with increasing indignation, "these Jewish graspers—there's no other name for them—get hold of women and make them turn out trousers at 1s. 6d. a pair, same as they pay men 3s. for. It's a darned shame, it is!" These things passed swiftly through my mind whilst my cripple friend was speaking, and I mentioned them to him. "Ah, those poor women," he exclaimed, "and still more those poor girls! I know there are many who are cruelly sweated, but it's difficult to find them, and when you do they're often afraid to speak for fear of losing what little they get. Ah, there are sad, sad stories to be told about the streets." Then after a moment's silence he gazed seriously into my face and said: "I'm sorry for you, very sorry, for this must hurt you a lot, especially being a woman. Why it keeps *me* awake o' nights thinking of things. I try my best to help, but its precious little as I can do. There's a man I know who could tell us things that I can't get at myself, but if I get hold of him and tell him he must be prepared to swear that all he says is true, he'll smell a rat, and be off at a bound. While there's so precious little work to be had, they're afraid of saying anything that may make them lose what they have." Whilst he was speaking I noticed a number of books on the sofa beside him. "You are fond of reading?" I interrogated. "It's the great joy of my life," he exclaimed warmly, "and when my work's done I always go to my books. There are times when I want to forget everything, and then I just have a good go at a book of travels. Then when I feel right down bad about all this sickening misery in the world, I go to men like Herbert Spencer (though I don't hold much with him) or to Henry George to see what they've got to say. Henry George! *there's* a man for you! There's no one

seems to me to speak so much sense and say such good, true things as he does. I suppose you know his books, ma'am?" he continued, eagerly anxious to discuss them. "If you don't, I should get hold of them straight away."

The clock struck four, reminding me that I had spent nearly 1½ hours with this new friend, and that if other visits were to be paid that day I must move on. But as I rose to go I said: "May I ask you one thing? Are you a Socialist, and are you hoping that the advent of Socialism will bring about a better state of affairs?" "Don't you think," he replied, "that all of us who care for social reform must in a measure be Socialists? Only there are Socialists *and* Socialists, and I don't hold with all. Many of them are too extreme, and go about things in a way I don't like. There's no good in bellowing against one class, either—the fault's not all with them. It's the system as is wrong, and you've got to look all round that, and alter it from top to bottom, and that isn't a day's work! And it needs Christianity to do it, too."

"Yes," he added, after a slight pause, "Jesus Christ was the greatest Socialist that ever lived." "Do you think one can identify him with any party?" I ventured. "I don't look upon true Socialism as a party thing," was the reply, "not the real spirit of it. Wasn't it just what Jesus taught us, that we're to live as brothers, and love our neighbours as ourselves; and isn't the best of Socialism an attempt to carry out this?" Then feeling for his crutch, to see me to the door, he added, "As I said before there are too many gasbags in the world—Socialists or no-Socialists. Some just like to hear their own voices, and others think that by talking alone the world's going to be changed. But it won't! It will be by quietly going about doing good, same as Jesus Christ. And we'll learn more from him *how* to go about things than from anyone else. You must go? Well, I've been very glad of a chat, and I'm much obliged for your promise of 'Alton Locke,' which I should like to talk over with you some time. And if I *can* help you, you may depend upon me."

E. M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents. LETTERS CANNOT BE INSERTED WITHOUT THE WRITER'S NAME, and all private information should be accompanied by the name and address of the senders.]

ARIUS AND ATHANASIUS.

SIR,—Though very grateful to Professor Upton for the lucid expression of his views, I cannot say that he has produced conviction in my mind.

We agree "that Athanasius did not assign to mankind in general that community in the divine essence which he ascribes to Christ." But I go much further, and maintain that Athanasius established an absolute separation between the triune God and mankind created out of nothingness. Both Arius and Athanasius were dualists and were equally wrong in dividing the Infinite from the

finite, Athanasius setting up the barrier between the three divine Persons and mankind, while Arius set it up between the unique Father and all created beings, the Son and Holy Spirit included.

Both were in some measure conscious of this barrier their systems raised, and tried to overleap it. That is why in the passage Professor Upton quotes, and in the similar one I gave a fortnight ago, Athanasius teaches that the Logos appeared once in human form in order that through his influence we may be deified, may be made partakers of the divine nature. But how can the Logos, who, as Athanasius always insists, is of a different substance, so much so that in his incarnation he did not possess a human soul, how can he possibly communicate anything really divine to created beings? That is the difficulty which Athanasius never solves. In spite of the bold terms he uses, "that we may be deified," the hiatus subsists.

Now Arius also attempts to deify Christ and mankind, but he follows the opposite route. Instead of bringing God down to man, he raises man to God by a free and absolute purification of the soul. However, this moral resemblance of God is not equivalent to a substantial union. Here also the hiatus subsists.

Both being wrong on this point, which of the two wandered least from the truth? Which allowed the easiest return to a full communion with God? Professor Upton answers, Athanasius. His postulate of a unique consubstantiality for Christ gradually turned into the belief "that the self-revealing God, who is immanent in Christ, is wholly absent from no rational soul." I cannot see that. The doctrine of the essential and absolute divinity of Christ cannot produce a belief in the general immanence of God in mankind. A doctrine which from its very nature separates cannot unite. The post-Nicean Church perceived so clearly that a gulf between the Son and mankind had been fixed by the Council that the craving for other mediators and intercessors greatly increased, that the Virgin was raised to a higher dignity and saints were multiplied. And I would remind your readers that the Arians were always, as was very natural, opposed to these superstitious worships.

These cults were the logical outcome of the Athanasian doctrine, and not, as Professor Upton seems to admit, the pantheistic mysticism of the middle ages. Athanasius wrote that it is necessary that Christ should differ from mankind not only in degree but in substance. Meister Eckhart wrote that the human soul is the conscious being of God descended into the realm of absolute contingency. I can perceive no connection between the two conceptions. It seems to me impossible for a believer in the Athanasian Creed to accept Mr. Upton's assertion that mankind (and, I add, all the Universe) is made "out of the substance of God," a doctrine which brings us into communion with the mystics of the Middle Ages. No, these mystics are not debtors to Athanasius. They are heretics (and Mr. Upton calls them so), revolting against the substantial separation between God and man as taught by orthodoxy; and orthodoxy retaliated by denouncing them as heretics.

In spite of its inconsistencies, would

Arianism have been more favourable to a complete union between God and man? I believe so on two grounds. First, because it was more rational, as it proved itself by its powerful exposure of the inextricable contradictions of the Trinitarian dogma. The free use of reason would have soon revealed and corrected its deficiencies. Secondly, because it taught the possibility of the moral ascension of man towards God. The Son, as representative of mankind, chooses holiness by his self-determining free will, and the Father adopts the Son, glorifies and deifies him by an act of his sovereign will. Thus is brought about a coalescence of the divine and of the created will; and this blending of the efficient energies of the two wills was more likely to give birth to the idea of a community of substance, substance and energy being only two aspects of the same thing, than the unexplained and unexplainable action of the Logos in the Athanasian doctrine.

I do not wish to discuss the latter part of Mr. Upton's letter in which he introduces the libertarian theory. I would simply call his attention to the fact that, as Neander remarks, it is Arius who lays the greatest stress on free will. The libertarian theology is therefore bound to count Arius, rather than Athanasius, among its earliest promoters.—Yours, &c.,

JAMES HOCART.

Brussels, November 22, 1910.

SIR,—It is with profound interest and satisfaction that we notice the question of Athanasianism and Arianism being ventilated in your columns. For is it not the vital question behind the life and futurity of our churches? Mr. Upton's masterly letter in reply to Mr. Hocart deserves our best thanks. One sentence in that letter throws a flood of light on our past history. He says: "Careful observers will note important characteristic differences between those earnest souls who became Unitarians by the Athanasian and the Arian routes respectively." If there are two radically different philosophies behind the "New Theology" movement, there have been two almost distinct types of Unitarianism arising out of the two routes to Unitarianism which Mr. Upton so well depicts. It has always struck me that one of the reasons why Dr. Martineau's ecclesiastical position in Unitarianism has been so much misunderstood is because his noble attempt to make Unitarianism a spiritual movement compelled him to surrender the Arian route into Unitarianism as a basis spiritually and ecclesiastically inadequate, if our churches were to live and grow. It is significant that our three spiritual prophets—Channing, Thom and Martineau—all came to see that our future as a Church entirely depended on this truth, that "Athanasius was more nearly right than Arius." Take the following letter written by Dr. Martineau in 1892 as showing the identity of the theological and spiritual (though not the philosophical) outlook between Dr. Martineau and Mr. Campbell:—

"Your experience confirms my growing surmise, that the mission which had been consigned to us by our history is

likely to pass to the Congregationalists in England and the Presbyterians in Scotland. Their escape from the old orthodox scheme is by a better path than ours. With us insistence upon the simple humanity of Christ has come to mean the *limitation of all Divineness* to the Father, leaving man a mere item of creaturely existence under laws of natural necessity. With them the transfer of emphasis from the Atonement to the Incarnation means the retention of a Divine essence in Christ, as the head and type of humanity in its realised idea; so that man and life are lifted into kinship with God, instead of *what had been* God being reduced to the scale of mere Nature. The union of the two natures in Christ resolves itself into their union in man, and links heaven and earth in relations of a common spirituality. It is easy to see how the divineness of existence, instead of being driven off into the heights beyond life, is thus brought down into the depths within it, and diffuses there a multitude of sanctities that would else have been secularised. Hence, the feeling of reverence, the habits of piety, the aspirations of faith, the hopes of immortality, the devoutness of duty, which have so much lost their hold on our people, remain real powers among the liberalised orthodox, and enable them to carry their appeal home to the hearts of men in a way the secret of which has escaped from us."

Would it not be well for Unitarians to have that letter printed as a motto card for 1911?—Yours, &c.,

G. VANCE CROOK.

Cork, November 22, 1910.

SAN THOMÉ SLAVERY.

SIR,—As members of the Anti-Slavery and Aborigines' Protection Society, we were lately appointed by the Committee to visit Lisbon with a view to making representations to the Portuguese Government in regard to the slave system existing in the Portuguese colonies of Angola and the islands of San Thomé and Príncipe.

On November 14, the day of our arrival in Lisbon, the formation of an Anti-Slavery Society in Portugal was publicly announced, and members of the future committee, under the presidency of Dr. Magalhaes Lima the newly appointed Minister in London, courteously met us at the station on arrival, and held a conference with us on the 16th in regard to future action. The committee, consisting of army and navy officers, together with prominent representatives of the law, the press, commerce and industry, enjoys the full approval and support of the Republican Government, and expressed its earnest desire to work in co-operation with the British Society which we represent.

On the 16th also we were very courteously received by Senhor Bernardine Machado, the new Minister for Foreign Affairs. We represented to him the strong feeling existing in England upon the subject of the Angola and San Thomé slavery, and respectfully urged upon the new Government the necessity not merely of enacting good regulations, but of carrying them into effect. For, indeed, the chief fault of all former regulations has been that they were ineffectual. We also supported sug-

gestions already made by previous Portuguese Governors for the supply of genuinely free labour in the colonies, and requested to be provided, if possible, with an official document confirming the published reports as to the new Government's intentions for reforming the system.

In the course of a full and cordial reply the Foreign Minister assured us of the Government's determination to deal adequately with the question; and urged us to continue to work upon British public opinion, which would certainly make its influence felt upon public opinion in Portugal. By co-operating with the newly formed Anti-Slavery Society in Portugal we should raise the subject to the position of a national question, and by these means he hoped a new understanding upon the general problem of dealing with native labour might be arrived at between the two Governments. He further stated that official declarations as to the resolutions adopted by the Government in the matter would shortly be announced publicly in the usual manner.

In the afternoon of the same day the Minister of Marine and Colonies, Senhor Aseredo Gomes, invited the deputation to call upon him at the Admiralty, and repeated the Foreign Minister's assurances. He stated that the Government was already considering a scheme by which a steady stream of free labour to the islands would be assured, and expressed his readiness to welcome any suggestions that the Society might be able to lay before him on the subject.

We believe, therefore, that we are now entitled to rely upon the Portuguese Government's genuine intention immediately to undertake the abolition of the terrible abuses hitherto involved in the supply of labour to the plantations, both on the mainland of Angola and the islands, and we feel confident that in proportion as this resolution is carried into effect, the people of this country will join in welcoming the new régime and wishing it all prosperity for the future.—Yours, &c.,

F. W. BROOKS.
JOSEPH BURTT.
JOHN H. HARRIS.
JOSEPH KING.
GEORGINA KING LEWIS.
HENRY W. NEVINSON.

Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge-road,
London, S.W., Nov. 21, 1910.

BOOKS AND REVIEWS.

THE STUDY OF THE CHILD.*

Books on child life and the early training of character now form a considerable literature. It is significant that fifty years ago child life was studied mainly with the view of explaining the adult man; it is now studied much more with the view of helping the child.

We are rather suspicious of the study of origins when it is undertaken merely with the aim of explaining what follows. It is not possible fully to understand a man by

understanding a child, nor can it be said that we know all that is in a man by knowing all that is in a child. It would be truer to say that humanity explains the animal, civilised man explains the savage, the adult explains the child, than vice-versa. The beginning was made for the end; it finds its justification and meaning in the end. What we are and what we tend to be is more important than whence we came. Darwin's great book brought about an over-emphasis on the study of origins as the means of explaining everything. Now we have recovered from the excitement and false hopes aroused by that work of scientific genius. We still enjoy and value the work of investigating the beginnings of life, but a wiser philosophy has taught us that while origins are important, it is far more important to know things in their fullest developments. Man's true nature is more revealed in what he is at his best, and by considering the ideals which attract him, than by dwelling on the obscure beginnings from which he has evolved.

The book before us is not Darwinism in the technical sense of explaining the present by the past, the man by the child. It is child study for the sake of the child, and is full of wise and helpful advice for parents and teachers. Mrs. Mumford most truly says: "We cannot rightly judge the child from our own standpoint: he is not 'man-writ-small,' but an unknown quantity, 'man-in-the-making.'" That is a most important distinction. The child is not a little man so that if you put him under a psychological microscope he will look exactly like a man. He is the beginning of a man, tending towards something greater than himself. He needs a discipline, an education, a sympathetic treatment and understanding which belongs to that particular period of life. In the same way, we believe, each period of life still shows man in the making, tending towards something greater than itself, pointing to an infinite perfection in the light of which alone the meaning of man, the reality of his nature, can be rightly understood. Each stage of life is a process, a development, a movement upwards. It is only when we look at man in some such way as this that we can believe in the divinity of man and in his immortality.

Any careful, sympathetic reader of Mrs. Mumford's book will be impressed with the fact that it is, not indeed a book merely for mothers, but that it is a book written by a mother. Mrs. Mumford has other qualifications. She has evidently read and thought much upon the subject of the early training of children, she has a keen scientific interest in education, she has the power to co-ordinate her experiences and to present the theory of her subject in an attractive and clear way; but the basis of her book, we feel, is founded upon the knowledge gained as a mother, through the love and patience and sympathy and insight which belong to a true mother. As we read we are impressed by what is not said even more than by what is said. We feel the opportunities, the greatness of the work, the demands for infinite patience and tenderness, the self-devotion, which are involved in the mother's point of view. In a sense it is a narrow sphere, but it is a sphere which

offers the largest opportunities for effective influence and which makes the greatest call upon the love and self-sacrifice and thought of human beings. Gentleness and firmness are combined in all her teaching. "We must give each child," she says, "ample opportunity for the exercise of his will and check his initiative as little as possible." We must "respect each child's individuality and not exert, either by praise or blame, too dominant an influence. To form good habits does not mean merely to produce a number of pattern children; we want something more than mere good behaviour." "The habit we wish the child to acquire, or the command we intend him to obey, must therefore be, whenever possible, presented so brightly as to seize hold of his imagination."

Speaking of teaching religion to children, she quotes Froebel's saying that "a child's first idea of prayer comes to him when an infant by seeing his mother kneeling beside his crib in silent prayer: her bowed head and kneeling body tell of submission to and reverence for a Power greater than herself. Her tone of voice when she speaks of sacred things is far more effectual with the listener than the words she says." "The child is capable," says Mrs. Mumford, "of receiving impressions long before he is capable of receiving religious instructions." The book is full of the sayings of little children, often very suggestive of the way children interpret the teaching they receive. "When you ask God to help you do anything," said a little boy, "you have to try your very hardest yourself; then He does the last little bit you can't manage. If He did it all, it would be spoiling!"

We wish we had more space for quotation, but we must content ourselves by recommending this book very heartily to all readers of the INQUIRER who are interested in the subject of child life and in the training of children. It contains many illuminating stories, many wise reflections, many helpful principles, and it is permeated by a spirit of love and reverence for little children which ought to be the basis of all scientific study as well as of all practical management of these wonderful, elusive, difficult, and yet infinitely attractive little beings—"men-in-the-making." H. G.

THE BOOK OF BOOKS.*

THERE is much need in these days of a clearly defined doctrine of Scripture. The need is felt most of all in those Free Churches where the New Learning has found the readiest welcome, and where its results in the re-shaping of religious doctrine and in the re-ordering of public worship find least hindrance to their establishment. It appears somewhat of an inconsistency that those who no longer hold the traditional view of the Bible as inspired of God in a sense that no other book is should as a rule continue to read the lessons in public worship from it alone. Is there any justification for this exclusiveness in our practice, or is its *raison d'être* merely a weak concession

* The Dawn of Character. By Edith E. Read Mumford, M.A. Longmans & Co.

* The Book of Books. By Lonsdale Ragg, B.D. Edward Arnold. 5s. net.

to custom, a bondage to the letter from which we have not in fact emancipated ourselves, however much we may have done so in theory? Should we not go in boldly for an extended lectionary, just as all the churches have gone in for an extended hymnary, else we might still have been singing only the Psalms and the Magnificat and the Nunc Dimittis? An extended lectionary seems indeed an inevitable development; only care must surely be taken that the development takes place with some regard to historical continuity. The selection of lessons from extra-biblical sources would naturally be determined first of all by the religious traditions of each community. Thus we can imagine that in Wesleyan services passages from the sermons of John Wesley would be read with acceptance and profit, and that in Unitarian worship readings would be welcomed from the works of Priestley and Channing. In this way each community would be reminded of its own beginnings and of its particular witness to divine things, just as by the use of the New Testament the Christian Church as a whole commemorates the circumstances of its origin, and perpetually renews its sense of the precious contribution which Christianity has made to the religious thought and life of the world. Readings from sources which lie quite outside a congregation's spiritual traditions are apt to be more offensive than edifying, and it is better therefore that they should be reserved for private study.

It is an interesting speculation as to what might be the advantages and disadvantages to us if we English-speaking people were to form a Bible out of our own native literature as the Jews did out of theirs. We might make a kind of Old Testament by collecting the best books that were written in Roman Catholic times, and a New Testament by gathering together those written since the Reformation. Were we to do this we should doubtless become better acquainted generally with our "rough island story," and with the treasures of our splendid literary inheritance: we should for example become more familiar with the life of Abbot Samson than with that of his Hebrew namesake, with the Vision of Piers the Ploughman than with that of Amos, the herdman of Tekoa. Nevertheless, when we remember that the Bible is itself practically our oldest English book, ours by adoption away back at the dim beginnings of our national life, and when we recall the fact that the noblest books that have appeared amongst us from generation to generation owe most to its inspiration and teaching, we feel that it justly occupies the place it does in our veneration as "the Book of Books."

In the volume just published under this title, there is an excellent chapter on the English Bible, telling the memorable story of its translators from Bede to Tyndale, and there are other chapters which speak of the mighty power which it has exercised throughout our history. The volume also summarises in an interesting and competent manner the main results of modern criticism, and deals with such questions as the relation of the Bible to archaeology and to the sacred books of other faiths. It can be commended as the work of one "who with instincts preponderatingly traditional,

practical, and devotional, has allowed the leaven of the New Learning to work in his mind, believing that there is much that is true in it, and that all truth comes down from the Father of Lights."

BRITAIN, B.C.*

In this book the author treats of early Britain from the historical and geographical point of view. He opens with a chapter on the Cassiterides of the ancients, which have generally been identified with the Scilly Islands; and Mr. Sharpe shows, by a careful selection of passages from the Roman geographers, that the identification will scarcely hold. The Cassiterides were probably the small islands off the coast of Spain to the north of Vigo Bay, the confusion having arisen from the mistaken idea as to the relative positions of the coasts of Britain and Spain. We must also prepare ourselves to give up Thule, or at least the original land of that name, which was visited by Pytheas of Marseille about the year 300 B.C., and which was almost certainly Iceland. Pytheas, indeed, bore no very good reputation among later geographers, and none of his works survive; but the evidence quoted by Mr. Sharpe in favour of Iceland seems strong. Long afterwards the name of Thule was given to one of the Hebrides, reached by the fleet that sailed round Scotland after Agricola's invasion, A.D. 43. In dealing with the changes in the Kent and Sussex coast-line Mr. Sharpe is on firmer ground, if the expression may be used of a land that has changed so remarkably within historical times. The tendency, of course, has been for the sea to recede, and the probable lie of the land is admirably shown in the map that accompanies this part of the work. The changes that have taken place must be continually borne in mind in reading the accounts of Cæsar's two invasions, to which the author devotes several chapters. In his preface Mr. Sharpe expressly disclaims any title to scholarship, and the book is intended for the general reader; but those who would follow its arguments will do well to rub up their Latin if it be at all rusty. This will of itself be an advantage to them, and they will be further repaid by the enjoyment they will obtain from a very careful and painstaking study of early British history.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE Cambridge University Press is to be congratulated on the announcement that Volume XII., of the Cambridge Modern History, completing the work with the exception of the promised extra volume of maps, will be issued on December 8 under the general title "The Latest Age." It will deal with modern developments in politics and society. The preceding volumes have appeared with commendable regularity. Vol. I., on the Renaissance, was published in 1902, so that the whole enterprise has been carried through in the short space of eight years.

* Britain, B.C. By Henry Sharpe. Williams & Norgate, 5s. net.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN make the welcome announcement that they will issue shortly a new volume of sermons by Canon J. M., Wilson. It will deal with the "Origins and Aims of the Four Gospels."

THE second volume of the great encyclopædia of religious knowledge, "Die Religion in Geschichte und Gegenwart," edited by Dr. Schiele, and published by J. C. B. Mohr (Paul Siebeck), of Tübingen, is now ready. The work, which will be completed in five volumes, may be purchased in separate parts costing 1 mark, or in complete bound volumes costing 26 marks. The English agents are Messrs. Williams & Norgate.

THE Liverpool Booksellers' Company will publish next month "The Dawn of the Health Age," by Dr. Benjamin Moore. The book deals with the organisation of a great campaign against disease, and the effect of such a warfare upon the virility and fitness of the race. The author claims that the replacement of our present inadequate public health service by a properly organised national system would result in the saving of about 300,000 lives every year, and would save many million pounds annually to the community. It is written in order to awaken general interest in the subject, and not for scientific specialists.

MESSRS. OLIPHANT, ANDERSON & FERRIER, the publishers of the World Missionary Conference, report that the orders in hand for the World Missionary Conference reports entirely exhaust the second edition,



MESSRS. WILLIAMS & NORGATE have pleasure in announcing as ready the New and Important volume by the Editor of the Hibbert Journal,

THE ALCHEMY OF THOUGHT.

By L. P. Jacks, M.A., Dean of Manchester College, Oxford. It is issued in demy 8vo. size, comprising nearly four hundred pages and published at 10s. 6d. net. The previous volume from the same pen, entitled "Mad Shepherds and other Human Studies," has been acclaimed by the Press, by leading writers and university professors as the book of the season: in its review the *Times* says: "It seems to contract after you have read it into an intense and powerful lyric, . . . full of the spirit of poetry. The *Daily News*: "By no means an ordinary book . . . full of verve and vigour. The slighter sketches are almost French in their reticence and point."

Messrs. Williams and Norgate also announce as ready two new volumes in their Crown and Theological Library. The first is an important translation of Dr. Adolf Harnack's new work entitled "The Constitution and Law of the Church in the First Two Centuries," and is published at five shillings net. The second volume in this Library is a translation of Dr. Rudolf Kettel's new work entitled, "The Scientific Study of the Old Testament: Its Principal Results and Their Bearing upon Religious Instruction," accompanied with plates and figures in the text, and is also published at five shillings net.

WILLIAMS & NORGATE,
14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden,
London, W.C.

and a third edition has been put in the press, completing 13,500 sets, which is probably a record sale for a publication of this kind.

* * *

PROFESSOR E. B. POULTON, F.R.S., will publish about the end of November, through Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., a book entitled "John Viriamu Jones, and other Oxford Memories." Amongst other things it will contain a rather full account of the Union in the seventies, when the present Prime Minister, Lord Milner, Lord Curzon, and other men now eminent were speakers at the debates.

* * *

BELLINI'S "Angel Musicians" has suggested the Christmas card published this year by the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds (23, Queen Anne's-gate, S.W.). Lord Houghton's verses on the picture :—

"We and the little cheerful goldfinch
Perched above that blessed seat,"

provide seasonable words, and a calendar is also included if desired. Among the Society's postcards is one of "St. Francis and the Birds," from Giotto's fresco.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

MESSRS. CONSTABLE & Co. :—Sin and its Forgiveness: W. De Witt Hyde. 1s. net. Paul and Paulinism: James Moffatt. 1s. net.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS :—Novum Testamentum Græce: Alexander Souter. 3s. net. The Oxford "Moment" Series, 1s. net.: Rab and his Friends; Tennyson's In Memoriam.

MESSRS. SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & Co. :—The Believer's Testament. 6d. net.

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHN & Co. : Constructive Socialism: Harold A. Russell. 3s. 6d. Revolution and War: M. F. Cusack. 1s. net.

MR. FISHER UNWIN :—The City of Man: A. Scott Matheson. 3s. 6d. net. The Unfolding of Personality: H. Thiselton Mark, M.A. 2s. net.

MESSRS. WILLIAMS & NORGATE :—The Constitution and Law of the Church: Adolf Harnack. 5s. net. Faith and Morals: Wilhelm Hermann, D.D. 4s. 6d. net. 2nd edition. The Soliloquies of St. Augustine: Translated by Rose E. Cleveland. 6s. net.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

EYES.

To start my talk by asking what eyes were made for seems to suggest that I am not quite in my right mind, doesn't it? That is, nevertheless, what I am going to do. Well, you say, a little impatiently, they were made to see with. Of course, but did it ever occur to you that you can look without seeing? You have asked your father, say, what the time was when he was busy; he has looked at his watch and said nothing. You asked him again, and he said, "Well, I really didn't notice," and he has had to pull the watch out again. He looked but didn't see, and he didn't see because his mind did not go with his eyes. That reminds me of that dreadfully old and tiresome story of "Eyes and No-eyes." Eyes went for a walk and saw birds building their nests, rabbits scurrying to their holes, insects, shrubs, and heaps of things; No-eyes went the same way and

saw nothing. People are always walking through life like that, and the mistakes men make who think they see everything and really see very little at all are very painful. Some think there is no heaven because they can't see it, others that there is no good in life because the windows of their eyes want cleaning. There is a fable of five blind men who found an elephant. One of them caught hold of its trunk and said, "Oh, this must be a serpent, it's just like it"; another held its leg and said, "This must be the trunk of a tree"; the third leant up against its side and said he was leaning against a wall; the fourth took hold of its tail and said it was a rope; and the last felt its tusk and supposed it to be a spear. They all made serious mistakes because they couldn't see, and how different was the reality from all their imaginings! So does the world seem a strange world to those who do not open their eyes wide and look carefully and thoughtfully. And the way to make our eyesight stronger in that way is to use it. The naturalists tell us that there are fishes in the caves of South America that are blind because they have always lived in the dark nooks of the sea rather than in the open where the sun shines, and it is supposed that the mole once had good eyesight, but lost it by burrowing in the ground. So if we look around us for the good things in God's earth we shall find we are continually seeing more and more.

When I went to school there were boys we used to call by a not very nice adjective, "boss-eyed." You know what it means, people who can't see straight. Now of course we should not laugh at people for what they can't help, and my object in mentioning this is not to urge you to use the nickname, but to say that there are people in life who are like that. They say if anyone tries to do a kind action that they must be getting paid for it, or it must be bringing some good to themselves; or if a boy or girl tries to be good and true they call them "goody-goody," or something like that. The Pharisees were really much the same; they didn't see straight or they would have thought more of Jesus, and some of them were so blind that they called the good in him evil. I expect you have all looked through a telescope at some time or other; maybe you are fortunate enough to have one of your own. You know, then, that whereas by looking through one end of the telescope you bring everything nearer; by looking through the other everything seems farther away even than it did to your unaided eyes. There is a parable for us; we should always use the right end of the telescope when we look into ourselves to find our own faults, and the other end when we are prone to magnify the sins of other people.

We must remember that no one can see everything. There is a story of Darwin's servant writing home to her mother and telling her that she thought her master must be going mad—he looked at one flower in the garden for a half-hour at a time. Mad! Why, it was that wonderful patience and power of observation that enabled Darwin to write his great books and to give to the world his great theory how life grew from the smallest beginnings to man, but the servant thought there was no more in the flower than *she* could see,

and therefore there was no purpose served in giving it more attention than she was accustomed to bestow upon it. I expect you do model-drawing at school; if you do, you know you have to draw a cube, a cone, or whatever the object, as it appears to you from the position in which you are sitting, and if you sat at the side of the class it would have quite a different appearance compared with the view you would get if you sat in the middle, yet it is but one object all the class is drawing. So it is with what we call truth; we all see it from our point of view, and we must remember that none of us see all of it, any more than you can see all of a cube at once. People who think they see everything are often called by one of the ugliest of words—bigot—and they have done some terrible things in the world. They put a man named Galileo in prison, old as he was, because he saw that the earth went round the sun, and most people believed that the sun went round the earth. You know he was right, because we are all taught what Galileo taught in school to-day.

Let us cultivate the best visions wherever we are; there is no condition of life that cannot be made a little better for us if we look at the best side of things. When Sir Walter Raleigh was in prison for many years he spent the time in writing a history of the world, and John Bunyan in Bedford Gaol wrote "The Pilgrim's Progress." In all the trials and darkness of his experience Bunyan kept beautiful visions in his mind, and so he never despaired. He tells us himself how, when the pilgrims had escaped from Giant Despair's clutches they saw from a mountain top through a perspective glass (that is a telescope) the towers of the New Jerusalem. Wherever we are it is best for ourselves and everyone if we can see beautiful visions in our mind of things to come, and keep hopeful by remembering there is another country in the distance.

W. K.

MEETINGS AND SOCIETIES.

THE BIRTHDAY OF KESHUB CHUNDER SEN.

CELEBRATION IN LONDON.

MANY Indians resident in London and other sympathisers assembled at Caxton Hall, on Saturday, Nov. 19, at 3 o'clock, to take part in a meeting in commemoration of the birthday of Keshub Chunder Sen, the great Indian patriot and religious teacher. The chair was taken by Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence, and among those who supported him on the platform were the Maharaja of Baroda, Mr. K. G. Gupta, of the Indian Council; the Rev. P. L. Sen, the Rev. J. Page Hopps, the Rev. W. H. Drummond, Mr. H. N. Maitra and Professor Vaswani.

The Chairman said that he was glad to be able to take the chair that day to do honour to the memory of Babu Keshub Chunder Sen, whom he regarded as a great man and a real prophet of India. His namesake—who was, however, no relation of his—the great Lord Lawrence, had declared that no man was doing a greater work to promote the highest welfare of the people of India. The

Chairman then referred to Rajah Ram Mohun Roy, who came to this country in 1831, and who died in 1833, as being the first among the natives of India to recognise the value and importance of the teachings of Christ, although he never removed from his neck the sacred cord of Brahma. When Chunder Sen came to this country in 1870, he (the Chairman) felt when he met him that he was in the presence of a true prophet; that here was a man, a real son of man among men.

Professor Vaswani then addressed the meeting. He dwelt with the deep veneration and love of a disciple on the life-work of Keshub Chunder Sen, of whose message of harmony he felt convinced the Western world stood sorely in need. James Martineau had said of him that he was "a soul the most congenial to Jesus, a kind of second John," and the secret of the fascination which he exercised upon all who came in contact with him was that his life was one of self-surrender. At the age of 25 the idea came to him that he must give up all in order to serve God, and through all his works, beginning with that wonderful lecture "Jesus Christ in Europe and Asia," and ending with "Asia's Message to Europe," could be traced the influence of that profound God-consciousness which gave him the passion of an Eastern prophet and the power of an Eastern sage. The great need of the world to-day was for such an inward vision as Keshub Chunder Sen had, and for the realisation of the truth that all religion is one. Men had quarrelled too long over the different creeds and theologies, for there were no real rivalries in the realm of religion, and it would be the work of the future to work more upon the lines of harmony and synthesis, and to bring about a brotherly union between the East and the West. The dominating civilisations of the world were not yet moved by that ideal, but, speaking to his Indian friends, he pleaded with them to have faith in it, and to regard it as the mission of India to make it prevail.

The Rev. J. Page Hopps referred to the time, some forty years ago, when Keshub Chunder Sen spoke at a large meeting in Glasgow, preached at his church, and was his guest for a week. During this time he learned to love him, for he carried about with him an atmosphere of calmness, simplicity, and self-possession, and impressed everyone with his noble presence and beautiful speech. He had never, he said, been particularly anxious to convert the members of other races to Christianity. He preferred that all nations should work out their religious, social, literary, scientific, and artistic salvation on their own lines. Religion, like humanity, was one, and God was the same God by whatever name you called Him. We were all children of the great Father of Mankind, and we had not only gifts to bestow on India, but we needed to learn a great deal from her in spiritual things. More especially we needed, what reason did not supply, the emotion and fervour and religious mysticism of the East.

Mr. Gupta, of the India Council, gave some interesting reminiscences of Keshub Chunder Sen, whom he knew in the early days of his own boyhood, and whom he afterwards met many times both in India and

in England. His was a magnetic personality, and to know him was to love him. To Indians the memory of this great man would always be a sacred one, and he hoped that it would be like a beacon-light to guide them in the right path amid all the difficulties and dangers that beset them.

The Rev. W. H. Drummond recalled the fact that Christianity was not a national religion, but a gift from the East to the West which men did not fully understand even yet. They had been brought together to commemorate a great religious teacher, and it was fitting that they should remember, not then only, but always, how much the world owed to men of great religious genius who kept the fire alive in the human soul through the power of personality. That was what they were all thinking of, the mysterious and wonderful depths of spiritual personality, and how it was constantly revealing to them unsuspected depths in the mind of God and in the heart of man. They were thinking, too, with profound gratitude of the goodness of God in sending, century after century, his prophets and seers, who gave up their lives for the uplifting of the lives of men. There was one special characteristic of the type of religion associated with Keshub Chunder Sen of which English people stood sorely in need, the habit of spiritual meditation. We possessed great gifts for organising and for planning religious machinery, but could we practise the presence of God, and abstract ourselves from the turmoil and excitement of modern life, and sink deep down into the soul of reality where God was to be found? Meditation had nothing to do with argument, or the niceties of theological discussion, but it helped men to realise the underlying unity of the spirit. In conclusion he said that he wished very much that young Englishmen, fired with the spirit of brotherhood which had brought them together that afternoon, would go out to India in the same way that Indian students came to England, not in an official capacity, but in order to learn more of what India had to teach us, and so help to promote that union of the East and West which Keshub Chunder Sen believed would come.

Mrs. Cobb, who was the last speaker, also gave her testimony to the marvellous influence which Keshub Chunder Sen always exercised upon all who came in contact with him. She said that at a time when life seemed narrow and empty to her, his teaching, and the reading of a book on "The Wisdom of the Brahmos," had opened out new channels of thought and inspiration which were subsequently deepened when Keshub Chunder Sen, and, later on, Ananda Mohun Bose—another great man, who died prematurely as a result of his untiring labours for the Indian people whom he loved so unselfishly—stayed with her family in England. They had taught her that the spirit of religion was the same everywhere, and, when once you had realised that, you could never again go back to narrow and limited views of life.

In token of respect to the memory of Keshub Chunder Sen all present rose and remained standing while Sir Edwin Lawrence uttered a few closing words of gratitude and appreciation.

MAKING HISTORY AT DONCASTER.

WITH the hearty and unanimous approval of the Yorkshire Unitarian Union Committee, an amalgamation has been effected between the Hall Gate Unitarian Church, Doncaster, the pastorate of which was vacated at the end of September by the retirement of the Rev. Halliwell Thomas, and the congregation which, with the Rev. Percy W. Jones, as its minister, was ejected by process of law from the Hall Gate Congregational Church in the same town.

A dispute arose shortly after the appointment of the Rev. Percy Jones as assistant minister. Mr. Jones's New Theology did not meet with the approval of a few of the members and of the majority of the trustees, but he was sustained by the church meeting and by the deacons, a small number of the members withdrawing. The majority of the trustees, however, resolved to enforce the terms of the trust deed, which is strictly Calvinistic, and legal proceedings followed, which resulted in Mr. Jones and his followers being ousted from the church, and since then weekly services have been held by them in the Guild Hall. Their church roll, revised to date, numbers 182; their Sunday-school consists of about 200 scholars and 36 teachers; they have a P.M.E. for women, with a membership of 200, a Brotherhood of 300, and a Band of Hope 70 strong.

Shortly after the expulsion of the congregation from their own church, tentative negotiations were opened up between the Rev. C. J. Street, M.A., LL.B., of Sheffield, and the Rev. Percy Jones, which have resulted in the happy union now effected. The small but earnest little band of members of the Unitarian Church and the larger body of Congregationalists who had learnt the value of freedom in religion by a bitter experience were, through the instrumentality of a small sub-committee appointed by the Yorkshire Unitarian Union, brought together and made to realise that their mind and spirit were one. There was no room for two Open Trust churches in Doncaster without danger of weakening the force of Liberal Christianity, and, in view of the remarkable crisis, and also of the fact that the town is on the eve of great development, it seemed a heaven-sent opportunity for consolidating the cause of free religion.

By a unanimous vote each congregation separately pledged itself to union with the other under the ministry of the Rev. Percy Jones, and with the name of the Hall Gate Free Christian Church.

A joint meeting of the members of the two churches was held on Tuesday night to formally complete and confirm the amalgamation, and to endorse the previous resolutions. The Rev. C. J. Street (Sheffield) presided, and, in addition to church officials and others, there were present the Revs. P. W. Jones, W. R. Shanks (Leeds, secretary of the Yorkshire Unitarian Union), A. H. Dolphin (Sheffield), and Messrs. J. Seaton and T. W. Plant, two of the former trustees of Hall Gate Congregational Church.

The Chairman, in explaining the position, said that was a historic occasion. When the friends of reaction set the forces of law to work in order to dispossess a

Congregational Church from a building which it tenanted, they probably did not realise what the result of their work was likely to be. They were making history that night, so far as Doncaster was concerned, and they were setting an example to other parts of the country as to what was desirable in the consolidation of Liberal Christian forces. That night Progressive Congregationalism and Progressive Unitarianism were joining the right hand of fellowship. It was a sign of the times that such a thing was possible. The close trust had been found too narrow for Liberal Christianity. The Unitarian had shown that he was more attached to freedom than he was to any "ism." Both sections that were uniting ceased from that evening to be sections, and were making mutual sacrifices in order that there might be perfect union. Each, so far as the church was concerned, had surrendered a name—the Congregational name and the Unitarian name. They were unitedly taking a name which would stand for both. Mr. Street referred to the foundation of the Unitarian Church in Doncaster in 1692, the old founders being, no doubt, mostly Trinitarians; and in 1744 the trust deed of the present church was prepared, declaring that the church was "for the public worship of God by Protestant dissenters from the Church of England." The Congregational body was formed in 1798, but was originally known as a body of Independent Protestant dissenters of the stricter sort. In 1802 they built the church in Hall Gate, and the deed of that church was the one under which the recent dispute had arisen. It declared that such doctrines only should be preached therein as were agreeable to the catechism of the Westminster Confession to the exclusion of Arminianism, Arianism, Socinianism, and all other doctrines contrary to the doctrine of Calvinism. Calvinism, he said, had long been dead in this country, and he declared that both parties at Hall Gate were equally debarred from being in possession under that deed, for those who had now secured the property meant for Calvinists were no more Calvinists than they were. To each section Mr. Street addressed earnest words of counsel, and concluded an address, which was punctuated with cheers again and again, by bidding the united church stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ had made them free, and devote it to the cause of truth and progress and human service.

Mr. J. R. Bradshaw (secretary of the Unitarian Church) submitted the following resolution: "That this meeting of members of the two churches hereby resolves to amalgamate, the name of the united body to be the Hall Gate Free Christian Church, the amalgamation to take effect as from to-night, November 22, 1910."

The resolution was seconded by Mr. W. H. Lloyd (secretary of the Congregational Church), who said that meeting showed how fast religious thought was progressing in the country.

The Rev. P. W. Jones said he had gone through some rough times, but being turned out of Hall Gate was one of the roughest he had ever experienced. He came as assistant to Mr. Bettis on the clear understanding that he had a free pulpit, and Mr. Jones, of Bournemouth, the ex-presi-

dent of the Congregational Union, gave him to understand that the church meeting was the sole authority. They had fought the battle entirely on Congregational principles. A few retired from their church membership, and then resurrected a musty trust deed. Soon after they were turned out of Hall Gate Mr. Street wrote to him, the question of amalgamation with the Unitarian Church was discussed, they found there were no legal obstacles in the way, and their negotiations had culminated in that meeting. They stood for theological freedom and social reconstruction. He wanted £1,000 by the end of the week to secure the additional land they required for the new church; a few guarantee forms had come, and he hoped to realise his wish by Sunday.

The Rev. W. R. Shanks spoke in support of the resolution, and explained the interest the Yorkshire Unitarian Union were taking in the movement.

On the proposition of Mr. J. Seaton (senior deacon of the Congregational Church), seconded by Mr. W. Cole (warden and senior member of the Unitarian Church), a resolution was adopted formally appointing the Rev. P. W. Jones as the minister for a definite period of three years.

The Rev. A. H. Dolphin gave a short address of encouragement and congratulation in support of this resolution.

A resolution of thanks to the Rev. C. J. Street and the other members of the sub-committee of the Yorkshire Unitarian Union, who had piloted the amalgamation through, moved by the Rev. Percy Jones, seconded by Mr. W. Henderson, and heartily passed, brought a remarkable and historic meeting to a close.

The members of the new church are full of enthusiasm, and are sparing no effort to bring about the realisation of their ambition—a church to seat 700 people, with schools and all the equipment for an active social and institutional work. The site adjacent to the Unitarian Church property has been acquired at a cost of £1,150, and an effort will now be made to raise sufficient money to enable the new Free Christian Church to erect as speedily as possible a place of worship large enough for the great congregations that regularly assemble under the kindling ministry of Mr. Jones, adapted also for institutional work of many kinds. A mass meeting is to be held next Tuesday, when the Rev. R. J. Campbell, the Rev. Charles Hargrove, and others will speak, and it is hoped that a substantial start will have been made with the building and site fund by that time.

BOYS' OWN BRIGADE.

On Thursday, November 17, the annual meeting of the London Battalion Council was held at Essex Hall, the President, Mr. Ronald P. Jones, M.A., in the chair. Having put to the meeting a number of names proposed by the executive as members of the Council, all of which were accepted *nem. con.*, the chairman called upon the secretary to read the report on the work of the Battalion during the past year. This report spoke of the activities of the London companies and of a considerable amount of earnest work, which had met with gratifying and encouraging success. The outstanding feature during the year had been the Summer Camp, held at Birchington-on-Sea, Kent, from July 23 to August 2, on ground

belonging to Mr. O. E. Stone, J.P., who had kindly offered the use of the fields free of charge for the ten days. The spot had been an ideal one for a boys' camp, being quite close to the sea, and situated in the midst of a beautiful countryside, with bracing air and open expanse of sea and sky, which brought refreshment and invigoration to all who were present (numbering about 100). The number had included eight boys and two officers from the Liverpool contingent, who had very willingly accepted the invitation of the Battalion executive, and had thoroughly enjoyed the hospitality received.

The new winter session had been launched under promising circumstances, two of the companies showing an encouraging increase in numbers, and all were looking forward to a year of glad and profitable work. It was a matter for regret that no increase in the number of companies in London could be reported, but it was hoped that as the outcome of desires expressed in various centres new accessions to the ranks might be reported before the close of the season. Certainly the interest in the work of the B.O.B. in London had grown considerably, as was evinced by further details referred to in the report.

The Chairman, in moving that the report should be received, referred to the reason for the adoption by the B.O.B. of the system of marching drill described in the Red Books, making clear the essentially non-military character of the B.O.B. work. Major Pritchard, seconding, referred to the excellent behaviour of the boys in camp. A report upon the cost of the 1910 camp showed that, as in 1909, the Battalion had been indebted to their generous friend the president for a very large donation, which had indeed saved the executive from all difficulty in camp finance.

The office bearers of the Battalion Council were elected for the year 1910-11, Mr. Ronald P. Jones, M.A., being elected president; and after some discussion on general business, the meeting was adjourned to hear the address of Mr. Jack M. Myers, secretary of the Lads' Employment Committee, who was listened to with keen attention by his audience as he explained the relation of the Labour Exchanges to boy labour in London and other large centres. The scheme, in fulfilment of which advisory committees had been started, or were being organised in different parts of London, to work along with the Exchanges, was described in detail, and the particulars of this and of proposals for the further improvement of the committees, and for the widening of their sphere of work, will be found in an article by Mr. Myers in the next issue of THE INQUIRER.

At the close of the address a vote of thanks was moved by the Rev. J. Arthur Pearson (vice-president), who spoke of the value of such addresses and of the work done by men like Mr. Myers, urging that students for the ministry would do well to equip themselves with such knowledge as Mr. Myers was able to impart on this subject. The motion was seconded by Mr. J. R. Burnage, of the Laymen's Club, and in the discussion which followed, the chairman, Rev. John Ellis, and others took part.

TESTIMONIAL TO THE REV. CHARLES PEACH.

It seems now quite a long time since the Rev. Charles Peach resigned his post as senior minister of the Manchester First Circuit Church to become secretary of the Northern Counties Education League. We are almost getting accustomed to references in the daily press to "Mr." Charles Peach, and in course of time we shall doubtless be able to think of him in his new capacity as a leading layman. But meanwhile there has been a natural

desire in the Manchester district to give Mr. Peach some tangible expression of the high regard in which he is held and to recognise his distinguished services. With these objects in view a movement was initiated at Upper Brook-street, where Mr. Peach was minister for over fourteen years, to get together a testimonial to which friends outside might also subscribe. As a result of this appeal a large and representative gathering of subscribers met at Upper Brook-street on Saturday last, and a testimonial was presented to the accompaniment of many speeches. There was a good outpouring of testimony to the deep personal attachment felt for Mr. Peach, and a hearty recognition from many quarters of the good work accomplished by him. The Upper Brook-street friends recalled his valued ministry amongst them of over fourteen years, and were proud to think, in addition, of the public work done by their minister during that time. The representatives of the four Circuit Churches looked up to Mr. Peach as the author and main organiser of the Circuit Scheme. He had left them a tough job, but they would do their best to realise his ideals. They had at first felt disheartened when he resigned, but in their new leader, Mr. Sealy, they had one who, they felt, could worthily take his place. Mr. Wigley, as President of the District Association of Churches, conveyed the good wishes of the Governing Body, to which Mr. Peach had rendered services so signal. Mr. John Chadwick spoke as President of the District Sunday School Association, and referred to the Great Hucklow Holiday Home and the Barleycrofts Convalescent Home as closely associated with the name of Mr. Peach. The Rev. H. E. Haycock, junior minister of the Circuit Church, as a former alumnus of the Unitarian Home Missionary College, mentioned the magnificent work done by Mr. Peach for the college, and especially in connection with the raising of the Jubilee Fund. Altogether, with other speeches not named, the foregoing supplied a remarkable consensus of testimony which, it may be hoped, was not too painfully embarrassing to the recipient. The presentation, which was to the Rev. and Mrs. Charles Peach, preceded the speeches, and took the form of a purse of gold presented by Mr. Jackson, the chairman of the meeting, to Mr. Peach, and a silver cake-basket, presented to Mrs. Peach by Mrs. Marsden.

Mr. Peach replied for Mrs. Peach and himself. It was the constant custom in the world that a man when he felt most could say least. So it was in his case. Fortunately he had a sense of humour, which implied a sense of proportion, and hence he was not going to take too seriously what had been said. He would introduce the proper perspective. At the same time he would express his warm appreciation to those who had spoken, and he appreciated in particular the representative character of the meeting. He thanked them for associating Mrs. Peach in all their kind expressions. They showed an insight into the realities of the joint pastorate at Upper Brook-street. No man had ever had a better helper. He sometimes wondered as he observed the alacrity with which congregations collected for presentations to retiring ministers whether it was all good will, or whether there wasn't some method in it. In this case, however, the suggestion could not apply; for he was not going. He was reminded of the toasts at the weddings at which he had officiated. Always the bridegroom assured the weeping mother that she had not lost a daughter, but found a son. The sentiment was always cheered. Might he assure them they had not altogether lost him. They had, if they would allow it, gained an addition to the staff of the Circuit Church. Reviewing his pastorate at Upper Brook-street, he would not on that occasion enter upon reminiscences; fourteen years and three months was a great piece of a man's life. Many occasions and incidents of his ministry

were indelible in his memory. He was united to old friends at Upper Brook-street by some of the most sacred ties. He only wished to say one thing. He did not wish to claim any success, but he wished every one to believe that he had never on one occasion entertained any harsh or unkind feeling. Nor had he, to his knowledge, missed any opportunity of speaking the word of sympathy and comradeship. Concluding, he thanked them most warmly, sincerely and heartily, not for the measure of their gift, which was magnificent, but for the generous feeling that it represented. It was happily not an occasion of parting. He was privileged to remain in Manchester, and would continue to share their comradeship.

Frequent references were made by speakers to the new sphere of work that Mr. Peach has taken up. His fitness for it is obvious, and he carries with him the hearty good wishes of his many friends into the future.

KING'S WEIGH HOUSE LECTURES.

DR. ORCHARD ON PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION.

DR. ORCHARD had the largest audience of the session to hear him speak upon the relation of Philosophy to Religion. He said that he did not profess to be a philosopher, but he had had to study philosophy in connection with his other investigations. Philosophy, he said, endeavoured to unify experience, or to find a reason that would explain everything, or to discover the nature of reality. It tried to get behind the many to the one, from the finite to the eternal, the phenomenal to the real. It emerged as the cosmological, proceeded to the metaphysical, worked into the psychological, and ended by becoming teleological. It was perfectly impossible in a single lecture to present anything definite to his audience; he could only give them hints. Nevertheless he gave in rapid review the salient differences of the various philosophies which have been propounded. Coming to later times, he spoke of the critical philosophy of Kant, the idealism of Berkeley, the dialectic of Hegel, the agnosticism of Spencer, and the materialism of Haeckel. Yet Spencer had been misunderstood, and his First Principles had made some Christians. Haeckel had said we should live for the True, the Beautiful and the Good, but he failed to see how a place could be found for them in his philosophy. Hegel's system was no doubt the most profound; but if we asked ourselves why the Absolute should split itself up to reunite itself there was no answer. The objection to the system was that it was purely intellectual, and tempted one to sit in his arm-chair while the drama of life worked itself out. Pragmatism had lately lifted its head, but Pragmatism was no philosophy. Nevertheless it said truly that the truth must be sought along the line of the whole of our needs.

He professed himself therefore to be a philosophical sceptic; they could pick any system to pieces. The reality was greater than any of them. Religion appealed to men differently. At the back of it was the claim of the direct apprehension of its object through faith. And he meant by faith the immediate movement of the soul whereby it was prepared to accept its own valuation against all consequences. Religion always produced unassailable conviction—that was its ontological claim. Philosophy only took us part of the way. Christianity made demands upon the whole personality. In religion the phenomenal was sacramental to the real, personalities were merged in ethical union, it taught that the good will is the highest pathway to reality, that we can be more than we are now. The ultimate reality was not matter nor force, nor the moral imperative, but love. These were the reasons that had prompted him to become a teacher of religion.

THE SOCIAL MOVEMENT.

A PATRIOTIC SOCIAL PROGRAMME.

Now that, politically speaking, the dogs of war are let slip, there is a danger that in the heat and clamour of contested elections the large schemes of social reform to which both political parties are committed may be thrust out of sight and forgotten. Perhaps, at the risk of repeating views which from time to time have been here expressed, a brief social programme, largely non-controversial, may be indicated as the irreducible minimum to which all who aspire to Parliamentary honours should be asked to pledge themselves. Whether the House of Peers suffers the sea-change which some sections of the electorate wish to impose on it, the following reforms have practically passed beyond the region of controversy and ought to be dealt with as early as possible in the next Parliament.

* * *

As the doctor has now obtained a secure place in the school staff, the work of the doctor should be developed and made effective by the establishment of clinics in every school area. Many school children suffer from ailments which are remediable, and which if not dealt with in time will affect their future life—speech defects, bad teeth, glandular disease, anæmia, adenoids. Neglect of these is a wanton waste of the youth and promise of the nation. Bradford has such a clinic in successful operation at a surprisingly small cost. In accordance with the report of the Inter-Departmental Committee, half-time labour should be abolished and the school-leaving age raised to 17 at least. As regards the feeble-minded, the unanimous recommendations of the Royal Commission, subsequently adopted by both sections of the Poor Law Commission, should be immediately carried out.

* * *

THE question of unemployment will doubtless come frequently before the electors in the coming campaign, though it is to be hoped without the orgy of inaccuracy which beset both political parties at the last election. Comparative figures with regard to the rates of unemployment in different countries are absolutely worthless, for no industrial country has as yet complete statistics, and no two countries prepare on the same basis such statistics as there are. All we know for certain is that a large number of persons are always unemployed in every industrial country. Something may be done to check the flow of unemployment by a systematic attempt to decasualise labour; by giving out public contracts at times when work is normally slack, and unemployment insurance (promised by both political parties) will mitigate the horrors of long periods when no earnings are coming into the home. School clinics, and the proper care and supervision of school children, will to a large extent stop the manufacture of the unemployable, and labour colonies must be provided for the wastrels and ne'er-do-weels, who either cannot or will not work.

* * *

Lastly, inasmuch as sickness (especially phthisis) is responsible for half the existing pauperism, a systematic policy of prevention of sickness should be initiated. Latham and Garland's "Conquest of Consumption" outlines a practical scheme which, if carried into effect, would in a very few years repay many times over its initial cost.

The above are only a few outstanding needs of the time, and fall far short of all that a wide-awake electorate would insist upon.

NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.

Special Notice to Correspondents.—Items of news for this column should be sent immediately after the event, and should reach the editor on Wednesday, except in the case of meetings held too late in the week to make this possible.

Bury: Bank-street Sunday School.—At a conference of the teachers of the Bank-street Unitarian Sunday School, held in the school-room on Saturday evening, under the presidency of the Rev. E. D. P. Evans, opportunity was taken to make a presentation to Mr. William Stephenson, who for over forty years has filled the office of superintendent. The gifts consisted of a gold medal and a copy of the life of Sir Henry Irving, in two volumes. Mr. F. Crawshaw, a former superintendent, presented the books. Mr. Stephenson, he said, was a good example of whole-hearted devotion to Bank-street Sunday School. In six weeks' time he would have completed 41 consecutive years' service as superintendent of that Sunday School. He had known Mr. Stephenson intimately the whole of the time, and for ten years was one of his colleagues. The position of superintendent was not always a bed of roses. Mr. Stephenson had had his difficulties, but he had always come through them smilingly. He was favoured with good health, and it was the hope of everybody connected with Bank-street that he would long continue to enjoy it. The presentation of the medal was made by Miss M. Wilde, superintendent of the girls' section, who has worked along with Mr. Stephenson for many years as lady superintendent. Mr. Stephenson expressed his thanks for the kind words which had been spoken, and for the presents. He hoped they would all stick to the Sunday School. It was voluntary work and work that meant a great deal of self-denial and self-sacrifice, but if they would do their duty they would be happy in it.

Dover: Adrian-street Church reports a most successful sale on November 15, under the able management of Mrs. Edward Marsh and Mrs. John Baker, assisted by the ladies of the sewing circle.

Heywood: Jubilee Celebrations.—The Heywood congregation have celebrated the jubilee of their chapel, which was opened on Nov. 14, 1860. To mark their appreciation of the services rendered by the North and East Lancashire Unitarian Mission (which is also celebrating its jubilee) to the founders of the Unitarian cause at Heywood, the Chapel Committee agreed that all the proceeds after the payment of expenses be devoted to the Mission Jubilee Fund. On Saturday, November 19, a soirée was held at which some 380 persons were present. The meetings were crowded, and many old scholars and friends came together from all parts of the county. The soirée was presided over by Ald. Wm. Healey, J.P., C.C. The Rev. John Fox, the first minister of the church, was present, and delighted his old boys and girls with a stirring and reminiscent address. Mr. Thomas Harwood, J.P., chairman of the North and East Lancashire Unitarian Mission, and Mr. David Healey, J.P., treasurer of the Mission, and one of the first scholars, also spoke. During the evening short speeches were also made by Mrs. Bennett, widow of the second minister; Mr. Wm. Wild, J.P., Mrs. Bowen Evans, and the resident minister. During the evening an excellent selection of glees, &c., was rendered by the choir and some of its members. On Sunday morning the lessons were read by the Rev. John Fox, and the Rev. T. B. Evans, M.A., conducted the rest of the service, and preached the sermon on the same text as the Rev. W. H. Channing selected for the opening

service fifty years ago. In the afternoon the choir and the scholars, aided by a few professional musicians, rendered with fine effect Weber's Jubilee Cantata. At the evening service the preacher was the Rev. J. C. Odgers, B.A., of Liverpool, who knew the congregation in its early days. The receipts for Saturday and Sunday exceeded £45. The meetings were a real reunion of the church and school workers past and present.

Hinckley.—The recent bazaar held at the "Great Meeting," Hinckley, realised £165 net profit. The committee decided to hand over £155 towards the liquidation of debt on chapel property, which amounts to £1,800. The ladies who laboured so assiduously, and the friends who rendered help, deserve all praise.

London: Essex Church.—The Rev. F. K. Freeston has been preaching a special course of sermons during November entitled "The Te Deum of Christendom," dealing with the saints, apostles, prophets, and martyrs, and their meaning for present-day Christianity. In the same connection he gave a most interesting lantern lecture at the opening meeting of the Congregational Society on "Modern Saints," in which he pleaded for a larger use of outdoor Scripture in London, as the best and most vivid way of recalling to the great mass of the public the life and work of the "saints" of religion, literature, science, and philanthropy. An important extension of the institutional work of the church was started at the beginning of the winter season by the raising of a special fund to acquire the use of the manse next to the church for a year, in order to establish a men's club, and to provide accommodation for Sunday school classes for which the existing school-room is inadequate. The men's club, organised mainly by the Rev. R. K. Davis, has proved most successful; it has already a membership of over sixty, mainly connected in some way with the church through its various clubs and other societies, and the members greatly appreciate the possession of cheerful and comfortable rooms to which they can come nightly for recreation or reading. For some time no institution of this kind has been available in the neighbourhood of Notting Hill Gate, and the growth of the club in a few weeks shows that the need which it supplies was very keenly felt.

Sheffield: Upper Chapel.—In connection with the approaching centenary of the Sunday-school, the class-rooms have been reconstructed, painted, and decorated. A bazaar to meet the estimated cost of £300 was held at Channing Hall on Wednesday and Thursday, November 16 and 17. On the first day the bazaar was opened by Mrs. Enfield Dowson, president of the Sunday School Association, and taking part. Mr. M. J. Hunter presided, Mr. A. J. Hobson, J.P., was chairman on the second day, when (in the unavoidable absence of Mr. John Harrison) the re-opening ceremony was performed by Mr. George E. Verity, of Leeds. The sum of £300 was raised, and it is confidently expected that the moderate expenses incurred will be met in a very short time. The actual centenary of the school will be celebrated at the New Year by a reunion of past and present teachers and scholars.

The Rev. Gertrude von Petzold has now arrived in England, and will be willing to supply pulpits for the next few weeks. All letters should be addressed to her at Essex Hall.

APPEALS.

THE Rev. R. P. Farley writes from the Domestic Mission, 46, Bell-street, Edgware-road:—"I should be glad if you would kindly

allow me through your columns to make my annual appeal for contributions to the Poor's Purse and Christmas Funds of the above Mission. In addition to gifts of money, hospital and surgical aid letters and articles of clothing are very welcome, and can always be put to good use."

NOTES AND JOTTINGS.

A LETTER FROM TOLSTOY.

The following letter by Tolstoy to a Russian priest, one of the last he ever wrote, appeared in the *Daily News* on Tuesday:—

"I received your letter, dear brother, Ivan Ilitch, and read it with feelings of gladness. It was all pervaded with the true Christian feeling of love, and was therefore especially dear to me.

"About myself I will say to you the following:

"In an Arabian poem there is a story. While travelling in the desert Moses fell in with a flock, and heard the shepherd praying to God. The shepherd prayed thus:

"O Lord, that I may come near Thee, to make myself Thy slave. With what joy would I fasten Thy shoes, wash Thy feet and kiss them, comb out Thy locks, wash Thy clothing, put in order Thy dwelling, and bring Thee milk from my herd. My heart desires Thee."

"Hearing these words, Moses was angry with the shepherd, and said: 'Thou—blasphemer; God is without body, He has no need of clothing, or dwelling-place, or servants. Thou speakest badly.' And the heart of the shepherd became sad. He could not imagine an existence without bodily form and without bodily needs, and he could no longer pray and serve the Lord, and fell into despair.

"Then God said to Moses: 'Why have you driven My true slave from Me? Each man has his own body and his own speech. What for thee is not good is good for another. What for thee is poison is sweet honey for another. Words signify nothing. I see the heart of him who turns to me.'

"This legend greatly pleases me, and I would beg you to look on me as on this shepherd. I look on myself in that way. All our human understanding of Him will always be imperfect. I do not flatter myself with the hope that my heart is like the shepherd's, and therefore I am afraid to lose that which I have and which gives me full quiet and happiness.

"You speak to me about union with the Church. I think I am not mistaken when I submit that I have never separated myself from her—not from one of those churches which separate—but from that one which has always united, and unites, all men sincerely seeking God, beginning from that shepherd to Buddha, Lao Tze, Confucius, the Brahmins, and many, many people. From that universal church I never separated myself, and, more than anyone in the world, am afraid to be separated from her.

"I thank you for your kind letter, and give you a brotherly shake of the hand.—LEO TOLSTOY."

TOLSTOY'S THOUGHTS ON DEATH.

On one occasion when Tolstoy was ill he said, "Sickness and suffering destroy what is mortal in man solely to prepare him for something better." Lowering his voice he continued, "Don't let Sophie Andrejevna" (the Countess) "hear us. Between you and me, I wouldn't like to get well again. If I do, I promise you to write down the thoughts on life and death—if there is such a thing as death—that have crystallised in my brain during the past weeks while I lay here prostrate, undisturbed, happy. Their upshot is that death is but an incident, an episode in our

present existence, while life itself never terminates. Hence death has nothing terrible; it portends only an intermezzo in eternal life. As the slave looks for the liberator, so I look for death—look for it any moment, would welcome it under all circumstances. And when it does come, a shout of joy shall arise from my breast like that escaping the mouth of a new-born babe entering upon the phase of life which you and I are now enduring."

HAECKEL'S SECESSION FROM THE LUTHERAN CHURCH.

Dr. Ernst Haeckel has formally seceded from the Prussian Lutheran Church. He has done this because he is convinced that the separation of Church and State, and Church and School, is imperatively demanded by the needs of our civilisation, and in consequence of the increasing power of political reaction. A writer in the *Manchester Guardian* states that there were over 10,000 secessions from the Lutheran Church in 1908, secession in Germany being a formal act in the nature of a sworn affidavit countersigned by the authorities. To be a "Dissenter," that is, not a member of one of the three State churches, the Lutheran, the Roman Catholic, and the Hebrew, involves certain rather serious disabilities. A Dissenter cannot be buried in consecrated ground, and he is precluded from attaining high position in the Civil Service. Even Jews, though officially not Dissenters, cannot be officers in the army or navy. The Socialists are everywhere seceding for political reasons, and it will surprise many to know that the great naturalist and philosopher has not severed his connection with the Lutheran Church before now.

THE TOWN PLANNING MOVEMENT.

A Symposium on Town-Planning has recently been conducted in the *New Age* by Professor Patrick Geddes. "The movement," he says, "is still, no doubt, in its infancy, but this is now a very rapidly growing one, as the Exhibition with its conference of 1,200 members has plainly shown. Encouraged by this, let us go on to discuss the possibilities of another exhibition, which should be carefully and comprehensively designed. This should first arouse the visitor's interest by varied and panoramic glimpses into great historic cities, the strange magnificence of Nineveh and Jerusalem, the beauty of Athens, the grandeur of Rome. It should show the Mediaeval City within its walls, and with its town house and cathedral, the Renaissance City with its palaces and their magnificence, and then the Industrial City in its alternate gloom and glare. Upon this the various developments and purposes of modern Town-Planning would follow. On one side would be the imperial and monumental line of development—of Paris and Berlin, of Washington and Chicago; on the other the domestic charm of garden villages. From both these types again there would be further city developments, Utopias of all kinds—in fact, the architects at play."

LORD CREWE'S ANCESTORS.

Lord Crewe comes of Unitarian ancestors, says the *Manchester Guardian*, and Unitarians have often been described by their enemies as having more aptitude for politics than religion. He is in the male line of the Yorkshire family of Milnes, who at one time were Leeds clothiers, and until two or three generations ago were Unitarians. The money amassed in trade was invested in land, which won for the Milneses a position among the county families. The grandfather of Lord Crewe married a daughter of the fourth Viscount Galway, a descendant of that picturesque Royalist Captain Sir Philip Monckton. Their son was the present Lord Crewe's father, Richard Monckton Milnes, the well-known politician and literary man, afterwards created Baron Houghton.

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Prevention Better than Cure.

It is surprising to learn that nurses as a class suffer greatly from dyspepsia in spite of their regular habits, and that a conference was recently held at Caxton Hall under the auspices of the National Food Reform Association for the purpose of bringing matrons and ward sisters together to discuss questions relating to diet in hospitals. "We have before now drawn attention," said a writer in the *Nursing Mirror* a few months ago, "to the extent to which the meat craze dominates the dietary of institutions. 'Meat or fish three times a day' is the formula, and if people are not satisfied after this it only shows their wickedness. Yet it is precisely in the fish and meat departments that the worst abuses occur, and even when these are of good quality they do not suffice to make a good diet scheme if the commissariat breaks down in other directions. In attempting to enlarge the category from which the nurses' diet is drawn, care must be exercised to provide generously for the needs of those conservative people who would feel starved without an orthodox middle-day dinner of meat and pudding. But other meals might be set free from the baleful influence of that modicum of animal food which is held to atone for all the other deficiencies of the table. So long as an indifferent egg or a few inches of shrivelled bacon or hard ham adorns the plate at breakfast it is usually considered that nurses are luxuriously fed, irrespective of the fact that the tea is lukewarm and barely coloured with milk, that the slack-baked bread is made from poor flour, and that the butter is rank. Now a breakfast which commenced with well-made porridge, quaker oats, or Force, proceeded to brown bread, with good butter or marmalade, and ended with apples or bananas, a quarter of a pint of hot milk being served with tea or coffee, would be far richer in nourishment, far more satisfying, and far more easy of digestion, while the cost would be about the same. It would, of course, take longer to consume. And here we are at one of the most vital points on which food reform is needed in institutions. There is much in the plea that it matters less what is eaten than how it is eaten. To be present at one of the meals provided for large numbers in institutions is to be painfully struck by the absence of any proper attempt at mastication by the diners. It would be a surprise to many to note how few minutes, seldom more than seven or eight, they employ in the actual process of eating, irrespective of waiting for courses at an ordinary community dinner. This is a grave blot on the administration, for the vitality of the personnel cannot be maintained where the ordinary laws of hygiene are systematically broken."

It is claimed for "Wallaceite" Pale Roasted Coffee that it retains all the valuable properties of the coffee berry without any of the qualities which often injure digestion or harm nervous tissues. Food reformers are strongly recommended to try it. It may be had from Health Food Stores or direct from the manufacturers, 465, Battersea Park-road, S.W.

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So long as the diseases which afflict mankind are regarded as the result of external causes, such as microbes, Providence, or the weather, so long will people continue to take prescriptions and buy patent medicines. For what is disease?

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If you are searching for health, you should not fail to send to EUGENE CHRISTIAN, 411, Oxford-street, London, W., for booklet, *How Foods Cure*, which fully explains his method of postal treatment. This booklet is sent free to readers of THE INQUIRER.

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